



Printed for S. A. Cumberlege, at the Kings Arms, in Peter-auxer Row.



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F R E E D O M:

A 11641. df. 29.

P O E M,

Written in Time of Recess from the rapacious Claws of BAILIFFS, and devouring Fangs of GOALERS,

By *ANDREW BRICE*,
P R I N T E R. *K*

To which is annexed

The Author's C A S E.

*Parve, (nec invideo) sine me, liber, ibis in urbem:
Hei mihi! quod domino non licet ire tuo.
Vivere me dices; saluum tamen esse negabis;
Id quoque quod vivam munus habere Dei.
Neve liturarum pudeat: Qui viderit illas
De lachrymis factas sentiet esse meis. Ovid.*

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the *High-street*. 1730. (Price 2 s. 6 d.)



4-



To the Honourable

EDW. HUGHES, Esq;

Judge-Advocate General, &c.

Honoured Sir,



LATTERY in Dedications
has been so frequent and
notorious, that a sincere and
thinking Writer can't but be
anxious, lest, when paying
due Devoir to the most conspicuous
Worth, he incur Imputation of that nau-
seous

The Dedication.

seous common Vice, and be deem'd in Effect to slander when he intended Praise.

Tho' I've a whole Nation to testify and support the Justice of the highest Eulogy that can, Sir, possibly be paid to You, a sedate Reflection on the preceding Observation has utterly thrown off all ambitious Aim at imitating the Great *Dryden* in the Panegyrick Kind of Writing he was so Famous for, however happier I am in an Occasion than he ever was, and, which might in Part make up for the Disparity between the Authors.

Neither indeed should I evade Condemnation as a Plagiary, or as having stolen, from the general Talk of *England*, whatever a more fertile and warm Fancy could dictate, or compile by laborious Study. The most favourable Censure I could hope must be, To have comprised in the streight Limits of a single Sheet of Paper the Heads, or rather but the very Hints, of the ample
Encomiums

The Dedication.

Encomiums the Wifest and Best take
daily Pleasure in uttering of You.

Is the PATRIOT, and the Man of
Business, to be celebrated? What may
be added to the Illustrious Character
Town and Country concur in assigning
You? Could the Impartiality, Integrity,
and Clemency of the JUDGE; could the
SENATOR's experienced Wisdom and
unbias'd Zeal; or the Judgment, Indus-
try, and Faith, of the MINISTER or
COMMISSIONER; (could either of
these) be set forth and blazon'd in Words
which are not, with Living Voice, pro-
nounced of the truly Honourable Mr.
HUGHES? Should the Virtues of the
PRIVATE GENTLEMAN be adorn'd?
What could surmount the sublime Applau-
ses which the Great and Wealthy cannot
detain, and the Mean and Poor rejoice to
render You? Besides, any single One of
the numerous noble Qualities natural
and habitual in you would be a Theme
too copious for the Compass of an Epi-
stle to comprehend.

For

The Dedication.

For these Reasons, and in Consideration moreover of your being as averse to hear as studious to deserve Acclaim, I shall, tho' with Reluctance, curb my Inclination; and, leaving all the People still to praise You, resign to some *Pliny's* Pen (when late you shall be call'd to the Possession of your Reward) the Duty of transmitting your growing Renown to the Age which shall see Time's final Dissolution.

And yet, Sir, 'twould be Sin not just to touch on your happy Character of a *True* and *Substantial* CHRISTIAN. I would fix an Emphasis on the Word *True*, as justly esteeming a mere Verbal Profession, a Priding in (accidental) Baptism, and Assent to every Article of the Faith, back'd with as brave a Defense of 'em, *of themselves*, not to deserve the Epithet. No; the Great Founder of that Divine Religion has (besides by his own Example) in express Terms declared to us whom *alone* he looks on, and will at
Last

The Dedication.

Last acknowledge, to be his *True Disciples*; and those are such as profess him *actually* and *really* by Benevolence and Works of Grace; such as cherish, assist, and protect, the Needy, Feeble, and Oppress'd, in all their various Tribes; and especially who commiserate and relieve (How much more release?) their groaning every-way-distressed Brother in the House of Bondage.

The very large and glorious Share which, Sir, You *injoy'd*, as a Member of the Honourable Committee appointed, by the Best Parliament under the Best of Kings, for the late seasonable Inspection of the wretched and deplorable State of Gaols, (not to mention your particular merciful, bounteous, and eleemosynary Deeds in Secret) in muzzling pragrand *Cerberian* Tyranny, crushing exorbitant Oppression, and delivering the most miserable Objects of Pity You found bleeding and gasping in their Fangs, is a sure Proof of your being a *True Member* of
The

The Dedication.

The SAVIOUR's Church : And
such You will at Last be own'd by
Him, when he calls You to the King-
dom prepared for You : While every
pitiless, obdurate, implacable Miscreant
(or *practical Unbeliever*) will, in his
horrible Turn, be dragg'd away to
Tortures in eternal Durefs.

'Tis my vast Satisfaction, and will
be my Solace when the Pangs of Death
shall seize me, that I chearfully threw
in my poor Mite of Endeavour at the
same Good End ; and, in my low Sphere,
mov'd on resolute in my Duty to the
utmost ; looking with Contempt on the
Destruction which threaten'd my Worth-
less Self. And tho' I should despair Re-
demption from the heavy Ruin it has
pull'd upon my Head, I hope I shall
persevere in Gratitude to my God for
the Grace vouchsafed me in an Heart
faithfully to do it, and Patience to su-
stain the Issue.

'Tis

The Dedication.

NO'Tis, Sir, to the Noble Frankness of your Disposition that I (and so must the World with me) attribute your generous Condescension in permitting this Poem to be inscrib'd to You, (merely on the kind Recommendation of some Worthy Gentlemen in these Parts, who have an Interest in your Favour, sympathising with me in my Afflictions, --- and) without your having perus'd a Line. 'Tis in the same Nobleness of your Nature that I trust you will excuse the many Faults and mean Conceptions which your judicious Eye cannot overlook, if you shall deign to honour it with your Perusal. And 'tis in the Influence of your respected Name I place my Confidence, the *London* Criticks will abate somewhat of their wonted Severity in censuring the rude Composure of a simple Country Fellow, whose Profession is not Poetry; --- who, however, scorn'd the Example of some of 'em in purloining either Sense or Language, and shining with borrow'd Lustre.

The Dedication:

I fear, I have encroach'd too far on
your Valuable Moments, and shall fur-
ther only crave Leave to subscribe my-
self,

Honoured Sir,

(tho' the most unworthy)

the most humble,

and sincerely respectful

of all your faithful Servants,

***Exon, June 18.
1730.***

Andrew Brice.



To the Reader.

IO attempt a *Critic Preface* would be a vainer Presumption in me than the Scribbling the Poem itself. I might give myself a Learned Air, condemn this Author's Manner, that Writer's Method, and t' other Poet's Diction, and pass upon the credulous World for as intimate an Acquaintance of *Aristotle* and *Longinus* as if they had been my School-fellows. But as I affect not the Name of a SKILFUL Poet, I am very little more solicitous for the Fate of *this Piece of Work*, (otherwise than I pray Heaven to grant it a good Sale) than the little Epigrams or Posies which a Bit of Chalk had been us'd formerly to divert my Company with on a Drinking-Table, to be rubb'd out as soon as read. Let an Impression or two of the Book speedily be bought off, and I care not if, in promoting the King's Revenue on Tobacco, they vanish in Smoke Five Minutes after. 'Tis recorded of *Scipio*, that he always rewarded Versifiers, *good* or *ill*; the first as their Due, and by Way of Encouragement to proceed; and the latter on Condition they should scrawl no more. Could I meet with such a *Scipio*, I should think my self blest, tho' my Work were damn'd.

'Twere possible to vindicate some Things which may be imagin'd Errours, perhaps Blunders; but I shall

shall wave the Task (*at least for present*), and leave to you the discovering as many Beauties as you can, and as many Blemishes and Deformities as you please. All I shall say for the Capacity and Genius which some may compliment me with, and others may at the same Time laugh at, shall be this: — If this present be found good Poetry, I am satisfied I could write as good again in better and more easy Circumstances. And I wish some one would but make my Fortune, if only to see how I'd mend my Verses. *Sint Matenates*, and the rest will follow. But if, on the other hand, they by competent and equitable Judges be absolutely condemn'd for *bad*, I shall content myself in being reputed and imploy'd as an indifferent good *Typographer*: And if ever I invoke the Muses more, it shall be to inspire the lofty Bards of *Grub-street* with harmless Halfpenny Sonnet, for the Benefit of the Press and Emolument of the Brandy-Shop.

'Twere inconsistent indeed not to confess that I think some Things in this Piece passable when understood, (for to the Blind in Sense some Obscurity must to be sure appear) as having the Approbation of so good a Judgment as the Authors of the Subsequent are known to possess.

Touching the few Quotations which the first of these my worthy Friends has made, I beg Licence to observe, That as above a Thousand Verses have been compos'd since his Perusal of the Poem, I can't help believing, but, if he was to engage afresh in the same kind Office, he would make choice of other Passages for the Specimen, &c. which he design'd to give.

The first of the Two Recommendatory Poems has already suffer'd the Press; and it is now re-printed, with the Rev. Author's Name at Length subscrib'd, chiefly to confront those who did me the unjust Honour

nour to ascribe it to my own Hand. The Gentleman's Friendship to me has, I humbly own, carried him more than a Degree too high in my Commendation; but I'm satisfied of his Sincerity; nor, to use his own Words, would he disdain to have his Name affix'd, *as not being ashamed of his Company.*

As to the little Strokes of Satire and of Humour, I appeal to the Searcher of Hearts for the Honesty of my Meaning and Design. Some of the unnaturally and ingratelously *Disaffected* to our happiest Government I acknowledge to have full in View: But as I aim at lashing and ridiculing *other Vices, Fopperies, and Follies*, in the general Bulk, I desire none would offer for me at Applications to any Individual. I'll also assure the World, that however keen and bitter my Expressions may be against some Practitioners of the Law, I know and honour some among 'em who are not quite divested of Humanity. Nor can any Man more revere and love a Good Clergyman (and many such I am happy in an intimate Acquaintance with) than

Andrew Brice.

P. S. With respect to the marginal Observations, &c. I must beg Pardon of some for troubling them with so many, and of others for not supplying them with a vast Number more.





P R E F A C E

By a Friend.



HO' the following Poem has too much intrinsic Worth to need any Recommendation to the World, yet because I take it to be of a very uncommon Kind, I shall venture to trespass upon the Author's Modesty while I make a few Observations upon it.

'Tis a Misfortune that attends Writings of all Kinds, whether Verse or Prose, that it will not please all People. As there are in Mankind different Geniuses, and a particular Turn of Mind peculiar to every Individual, so must all Things, that are design'd to please, be proportion'd, and made agreeable to the Taste of those who are to be pleased by them.

I fear this Poem will suffer much in the Opinion of Two Sorts of People, viz. of all those who are never pleased with any Poetry, but when they hear it perpetually chiming with the like Endings of Words, (which are just as necessary to a Poem as Chymistry is to a Geographical Map) and of those who can't endure the Sight of an Old Word, but look upon it as contemptible as an Old Almanack, tho' it be never so significant and expressive. In Answer to both these, I think it is sufficient to say, that this Poem is an excellent Imitation of Milton and Spencer. This, I presume, is Recommendation enough to the Learned, and to all those who have Taste enough to relish these Two incomparable Authors.

P R E F A C E.

v.

To shew how prodigious beautiful, because prodigiously expressive, an Old Word is sometimes, see the following Lines.

— Behind him crouch
Fierce growling Cerberi, in common Speech
TURN-KEYS yclep'd. —

Nothing can be more significant and expressive than the Old Word Yclep'd: There is no Possibility of using any one modern Word in the room of it, without spoiling the Thought. But this Observation will by no Means justify me for omitting the whole Image, which is extremely just and natural, and therefore not to be pass'd by in Silence.

How blissful who, exempt from sad Restraint,
Harsh Dunning Clamour, ill-portentous Din!
Defiance bids to deadly Gripe of BUM
And Magic Touch of SERJEANT! who dares strut,
Stiff Bongrace cocking, 'fore Gorgonian Front
Of fell ATTORNEY, — Ruin-monger, wild
PERDITION'S Purveyour! — and can discharge
Plenteous stretch'd Bladder's Contents undismay'd
Near Den of LEGION WOE, in glaring View
Of dreary LIMBUS-GATE and woven Bars,
Work of Cyclopien Might : —

And so on.

Innumerable Passages are full of Humour, and will justly be admired ; whereof the following may serve only for a fair Sample, not being call'd as the best :

— Now twangs
The flaxen String of stout *Brasilian* Tree,
By Force of nervous Joints intent, and vies
With *Sherwood* Heroes, fam'd in Epic Song,
Edition of *Pye-Corner*. —

The

The 33d, 34th, and 35th Pages can be thought very little, if any thing, inferiour to the Great Mr. Pope's fine Description of Ombre, in his Rape of the Lock.

Amongst a vast Number of others, besides the Beauty of the Thoughts, the Picture of the Cat is so natural and perfect, that I can't forbear taking a particular Notice of it :

— Greymalkin sleeps
Secure, nor but of Game delightful dreams
And Ven'ion Cheer ; in frolick Vein and oft
Plays antick Gambol, vig'rous frisky bounds,
Above the Mimickry and agile Spring
Of airy *Harlequin* ; or winking purrs,
Basking majestic in the Solar Beams
Thro' Window darted, or by warmful Side
Of Chimney, heedless of expanded Door,
And thund'ring Din of Knocker. —

I shall not any further anticipate the Pleasure of the Reader ; but only beg Leave to observe, that these few Quotations are sufficient to shew our Author's Extraordinary Genius for Poetry. And over and above this, facit indignatio versum.

J. F.





To Mr. ANDREW BRICE.

WHilst fond Admirers to their Cloes pay
Regards not due, and Want of Sense betray,
Or to some painted Face and wanton Eyes
Absurdly offer Pagan Sacrifice,
Others to graceless Wretch-exalted high
Strain Compliment, and most inglorious lie,
I a more Noble Subject choose, ev'n Thee,
Immortal Brice! justly extoll'd by me,
And All that know thy Merit, though oppress'd:
Hard Case! Yet what Heav'n wills is always best.
'Tis not thy Fate alone: For Wit and Sense
Are destin'd now to want a Recompence.
Whilst Tools are sought, for mercenary Ends,
Brave Souls are sturr'd, and cannot hope for Friends.
True Worth to Favour is a certain Bar,
And V——s mostly Sons of Fortune are.
But hold; — like sickly Bodies, Vicious Times
Can't brook Reproof, nor to be told their Crimes.
But Virtue like to thine can still abide
The hardest Ills, and stem the boist'rous Tide,
Look chearful, be intrepid, calmly bear,
When little Souls shrink up and die with Fear.
Yet still the Age is not so stupid grown,
But most thy Earned Labours freely own.
Thy Weekly Journal is with Pleasure read
By different Parties: when 'tis truly said
Thine has the Quintessence of every Print;
But as for F——y's, — Pho! there's nothing in't,
Excepting S——ders broucht against the S——te,
Which ill Surmise and Discontents create.

TO MR. ANDREW BRICE.

But he that loves to scatter Firebrand
Merits to be expell'd his Native Land,
No Hate nor Faction lurks within thy Breast,
That grieves when others thrive and prosper least.

So undisturb'd, so quiet, and at Ease,
No Wonder if thy Verse so charming please,
And claim not undeservedly the Bays.
Go on, and quench not that Poetick Fire
That gives thee Flame, and tunes so well thy Lyre.

O! might my Muse harmonious sing like thine,
And I the Dearling of the Sacred Nine,
Thy Godlike Charity to Men in Ward
Should be the Subject of the grateful Bard.
Thou, when the Pris'ner groan'd, oppress'd with Pains,
Didst bring Relief, and brak'st his Bonds and Chains:
Maugre the Rage of Jailors, never cou'd
Thy fix'd Resolves be damp'd of Doing Good.
But where's thy Recompence? — 'Tis this that try's
Heroick Souls, deny'd when due the Prize.
Yet faint not; Heav'n records our Wrongs, and will
Reward what Good we do, as well as punish Ill.

Woodland, Feb. 24.

1729.

Edmund Pearse.





To the Ingenious Author of a Poem intitl'd
F R E E D O M.

Immortal Bard! What God did thee inspire
With such (scarce parallel'd) Poetic Fire?
With more than Eagle-Wing thou soar'st on High,
Above the Clouds, and know'st no Bounds but Sky.
Torrent of Wit! How like a mighty Stream
Thy Numbers flow, and greaten abject Theme!
Scorning the empty Sound of jingling Rhyme,
Thou mak'st Amends, and giv'st us true Sublime.
No more complain of adverse wretched Days,
So Great in Worth, so vastly Rich in Lays.
Let Misers to their Mammon Worship pay,
Sit brooding o'er their gilded Heaps of Clay,
Wretches that know not what it is to live,
Nor dare their own nor others Wants relieve.
More happy than a Monarch is the Bard
That sings like Thee. Tho' FREEDOM be de-
barr'd,
The Liberty of thy capacious Mind
Will still remain, nor can it be confin'd.

Woodland, March 26.
1730.

EDMUND PEARSE.

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to have their Names appear.

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FREEDOM.



F R E E D O M :

P O E M.



**IN FREEDOM'S Joys I sing; unparallel'd
Distress and wail of Wretch in dismal
Hole**

**For Debt absconding, who perpetual dreads
Close Vestigation of Sh'riff's Blood-hound Cry,**

**PIERIAN Goddesses, alone who smile
On friendless Indigence ! delighting tho'**

In Phœbus' Splendour, sometimes yet vouchsafe

The Cor obscure with Intercourse benign

To bless, the Mind' deprest and chear ! Ye Power's,

A

The

The Rhapsody sublime who free inspire,
 And liquidate the harsher Tone, Me aid !
 Lowly ambitious who'd the Voice assay
 In pompous yet smooth Numbers, gentle Flow
 Of rapid Fancy ; current Sound nor use
 Defective Sense to pass, with Jingle rich
 Nor Beggary of Thought disguise ! My Lips,
 Artless and trembling, regulate ; and in
 Coarse fallow Brain Invention fruitful till.
 Suspiring Modulation, dulcet Moan
 Venting, may I malignant *Zoilus*' Spleen
 Conciliate, and exploding *Momus*' Hiss
 To Plaudits just inchant, while buzzing Swarms
 Of waspish Criticks or in *Prose* or *Rhyme*,
 Insect Corroders of the Bays, let drop
 Shrill Cat-call, ravish'd maugre Gall, attent,
 Conjoin an universal Clap to form !

AND

[Let drop shrill Cat-call.] Such in the Country as were never at
 the London Theatres may be inform'd, this Passage is allusive to
 the malicious Practice of damning a Play or murdering the de-
 serv'd Reputation of a Poet, by outrageous and senseless Clamour,
 Snake or Goose-like Hissing, and odious Squawls of Cat-calls.

AND Thou, Great Cancellor of Wrongs, whose
Cheek

Sweet Awe and lovely Veneration grace,
O KING! to whom *Astræa* hath bequeath'd
Her Ballance equal, strict *Rhamnusia* lent
The curbing Reins, and *Themis* incorrupt
Joins in Commission! Refuge of Distress!
Oppression's Scourge! Thou FREEDOM's Rampart
strong!

Disdain not, in some less momentous Hour,
Propitious the sad Threnody to hear.

A 2

To

Cancellor.] The Title *Chancellor*, in Latin *Cancellarius*, is deriv'd (a *cancellando*) from his drawing Cross Lines, in *forma cancellorum*, in Form of *Lettices*, on a pass'd Judgment, &c. which he thereby reverses, or makes null and *cancels*. From *cancelli* comes also *Chancel* of a Church.

Astræa.] The Goddess of Justice, said by the Poets in the *Golden Age* to have inhabited the Earth, but in the *Iron* one, offended with Mankind's enormous Cruelty and Impieties, to have flown back to Heaven; where she is the Sign *Virgo*, neighbouring that of *Libra*, or the Scale of Justice. *Virgil*, *Geor.* lib. 2. names her directly *Justitia*.

Rhamnusia.] or *Nemesis*, i. e. *Distribution*, because she was esteem'd the Rewarder of the Good and Punisher of the Bad; the Goddess of just Indignation and Revenge, being look'd on by the Heathens to be the Divine Vengeance which soon or late seizes the Proud and Wicked. She was depicted in her Right Hand bearing a Rule, and holding in her Left a Bridle.

Themis.] i. e. *Right*, the Goddess who is by some recorded the first who gave Oracular Responses to the Pagans, whom she commanded to ask nothing but what was right and equitable.

To Thee appeals the Muse, to Thee her Tears,
 Her Cries, flow nat'ral o'er th' *Iscanian* Walls,
 Which Heav'n aggrandiz'd with th' enobling Gift
 Of thy auspicious, thy important, Birth.

THY courteous Ears nor close, O sheltering Tow'r
 Of Virtue, Rock of chas'd Integrity,
 WALPOLE! whom not alluring Cringe, nor Spleen,
 Nor strong Ingratitude can bend: The Weal
 And golden Peace of murm'ring *Britain* who
 Unwearied labour'st, in her own despatch
 Kept happy! New * *Mæcenæ*s, form'd to aid
 The better new *Augustan* Reign! Who fix'd
 CÆSAR's Prerogative t' abet, nor less
 The Subjects Property assert, unshock'd
 Of Foes to Both sustain'st the Rage. Like when
 Untoward Winds seditious Might collect

To

Iscanian Walls.] *Exeter*, the Name of which City in former Time was *Ijca*, from the River *Ex* (whereon it is situated) so call'd.

* *Mæcenæ*s was a Prime Minister and Favourite of *Augustus*; an Able, Experienced, and Worthy Statesman; but more especially Memorable, and Ever will be Renown'd, for his Patronage and Munificence to the Poets of his Age; not (as Mr. *Dryden* rationally supposes) without good Policy.

To bluster, and spumif'rous Billows roar,
 Tumescant threat'ning to o'erleap their Bounds,
 The rash Attempts th' establish'd Cliff abides,
 As empty Noise contemning, and unmov'd
 Their Force permits them weak to prove, themselves
 Against its Side and dash: The liquid Rout,
 Confounded in their furious Rage, rebound
 Precipitant in drizzling Sprys; and back
 Grumbling retire, some neather Shore to try.
 In vain: For Heav'n their utmost Barrier fix'd.
 Forgive, dread Patriot! whose Name adorns
 Th' *Exonian* Franchise-Roll, that wretched I,
 Its free Air barr'd, that Worthy Name invoke
 Presumptuous; and regard the plorant Song!

DANMONIAN TULLY next, lov'd Youthful Sage,
 Whose Veins, where gen'rous Ardour flows, beat high
 Incessant for thy Country! YONGE, whose Lips,
 Dew'd with *Hyblean* Sweetness, captivate
 By Eloquence resistless! Thou whose Word
 Glides smoothly fraught with pond'rous Argument,
 Instruction whence *Nestorian* Synods draw,

Sour

Sour *Disaffection* charming into *Faith*
 And *Loyal Zeal* ; while *Discord* calm obeys
 The potent Accents : (So the *Orphean Lyre*
 The *Strygian Dog's* loud triple Barkings still'd,
 Mad *Furies* and appeas'd.) Oh ! deign to hear,
 Full of thy Native Candour, pitying hear,
 The dol'rous Plangor of a Muse in Thrall !

HOW blissful who, exempt from sad Restraint,
 Harsh Dunning Clamour, ill-portentous Din !
 Defiance bids to deadly Gripe of BUM
 And magic Touch of SERJEANT ! who dares strut,
 Stiff Bongrace cocking, 'fore *Gorgonian Front*
 Of fell ATTORNEY, ---- Ruin-monger ! wild
 PERDITION's Purveyour ! --- and can discharge
 Plenteous stretch'd Bladder's Contents undismay'd
 Near Den of LEGION WOE, in glaring View
 Of dreary *Limbus*-Gate and woven Bars,
 Work of *Cycloplan* Might : Where thrilling Yells,
 Deep agonizing Groans, with grating Clash
 Of Chains, resound : Where never-ebbing flows
Cocytus thro' pale Captives Eyes : And where

Appears

F R E E D O M.

7

Appears damn'd PETTY PLUTO, gruffly phizz'd,
 Styl'd Miscreant JAILOR: — Formidable Sight
 To poor INSOLVENT, Crim'nal most forlorn,
 Hopeless of Human Grace, extended oft
 To gory Homicides! Behind him crouch
 Fierce growling *Cerberi*, in common Speech
 TURN-KEYS yclep'd: High-pil'd beside them lie
 Hand-cuffs and Fetters of enormous Size:
 Thumbkins, Compressive Skrews, th' Habiliments
 Of skilful Torture, round the mucid Walls,
 With Horrour line the baleful Cave. Nor fails
 Strong Woody Hamp'ring-Gin, in Antient Greece
 Call'd *Podoftrabe*. — [*Such not stands before*
Late-tott'ring Corp'rate-Hall, (by Cramps robust,
 Firm-daub'd Repair, and Motto of fresh Gilt
 AY-LOYAL, tight sustained now) prepar'd
 For Lesser Debauchee's immoral Leg

Nor

Podoftrabe.] The Stocks. — *Corporate Hall*.] *Guildhall*; *Guild*
 (from *ghelden* to pay, deriv'd from *Gheld*, Money) being a Saxon
 Word signifying a Fraternity, Society, or Company Incorporated, sup-
 porting the common Charge by a mutual Consent. Our *Guild-*
hall, being lately in a ruinous Condition, was seasonably secured by
 Iron Hoops, the Front &c. painted, and the City Motto *Semper*
Fidelis newly gilt.

Nat upright walking, or Blasphemer's, who,
Of Anti-Quaker Lips, with Oaths impur'd,
Lacks Shilling to redeem innocuous Heel,
The Proxy passive for obnoxious Tongue,]—
 Grim boney **DEATH**, hurrying scant-fanded Glafs,
 And brandishing tricuspidated Spear,
 (From vulgar Hid, to Poet's icener Lights
 Conspicuous) in horrid Shapes portray'd,
 In black Flag dreadful on each Turret waves.
 Not unlike Symbol Ocean Russians late
 Display'd aloft; of Barque, for Capture chas'd,
 Tremendous Vision to the distant Ken!
 Coin-furnish'd Wight, fearless of dire Arrest,
 Yet torrid **BAND-ARCH** scorns; full manly near
 His Place of Torments and dares wat'ring stand.

So, antique Legends large recite, while erst
 When flourish'd *Amadis*, and valiant Don
 Of Greece hight *Belianis*, born to rid
 The Land of Monsters, and Remains to quell
 Of Ethnic *Cananites*, rank Infidels,
 Some hideous Giant of *Typhaean Race*,

Hoarse

Hoarse braying murth'rous Clang, huge Centry stood
 Behind Portcullis of vast Fiend-built Tow'r
 Of Painim Sorcerer, Club-arm'd; whose Sides,
 Matching vast *Polyphemus*', Dragon wing'd
 Exhaling Smoke, and Gryffon belching Flame,
 Supported; Warders of horrendous Vault
 Where chain'd in swampy Gloom enchanted lay
 Fraud-vanquish'd Prince, and ravish'd Dam'sel chaste,
 On Martyrs clotty Gore and Dog-gnaw'd Bones
 Supinely stretch'd, and Heaps of half-flesh'd Skulls
 Their Pillow. Yet th' advent'rous *peerless Knight*,
 Faith-panoply'd, (Gennet, caparison'd
 By Christian Wizzard, wide-befstriding, or
 Portly on Foot) approach'd; sung, pray'd, untruss'd,
 As Need occasion'd, or *piss'd*, in Contempt
 Of Demon-KEEPER'S Hell-derived Pow'r,
 And the terrific Aspect of his Guards.

THE jocund HOURS which from th' ætherial Stalls
 Of *East* the harness'd Fiery Prauncers lead,

B

And

Hours, -- Night.] The Old *Aegyptians* called the Sun *Horus*;
 hence those Parts into which the Day is divided are termed *Ho-*

And share the gleamy Day, Delights improv'd
 Profusely offer to his Choice ; and NIGHT
 With Cordial Rest the Glut of Mirth removes,
 For fresh Diversion new and whets the Taste.

SWEET Pastime vary'ng (happy FREEDOM!) he
 At *Tydings-Office* oft, in graver Mood,
 Of foreign Berry (or, perchance, in lieu
 Thereof, *Steed's* home-grown *Bean* adust) may sip,
 From *Hyperborean* or flaw'd *Orient* Cup,
 The brown Sobrifick ; grateful Warmth to Gust
 Of Zeal-flam'd *Mussulman*, and Brain ventose
 Of pol'tick Tonfor aiding ; and peruse
 Undaunted (trebbling thrice four Mites Expence)
 Authors of Two-pence Value : sage *Gazette*,
 Built up with Fortune-Ruins ; Senate-Vows
 Important, weighty Orders and Resolves ;

Sempronian

ra, or *Hours*. These *Hora* were poetically looked on as real Persons (as was *Night* also, yea and a subordinate Goddess too), the Daughters of *Sol*, who a-Mornings prepare his Chariot and Horses, &c. But tho' they were not so, I presume, they might otherwise have furnished out an Image well enough.

Tydings-Office.] A Coffee-House. *Hyperborean* or *flaw'd Orient* Cups.] Delft or crazed *China* Coffee-dishes. *Sempronian* *Bellowings*, &c.] Allusive to *Sempronius* the tr--r--s Senator in Mr. Ad.

Sempronian Bellowings for Rome ; P--t-ft
 Of cashier'd Stewardship, vers'd how profound
 In useless thwartive Skill ! thro' private Grudge
 Turn'd popular, *Car'line* in *Tully's* Robe ;
Diurnal Bruits, soft Whispering of F A M E,
 Like Belly-Mutter, which in Birth expire,
 Rumour abortive, Embryon of Wind ;
 With pilfer'd Gleaning of old Flams attrite,
 Like Wigs of *Middle-Row*, at second-hand
 In æm'lous *Vespertines* retail'd, or lump'd
 By *Journalist* *Hebdomodal*, Report
 At Wholesale vending ; *Volant* trusty *Post*,
 Who founder'd *Pegasus* tantivy still,
 Sublate with borrow'd Wing, tho' Seat-gall'd, spurs ;
 Ironie W E Y ; *Grub* C A L E B's hired Spleen
 And Drone-sting Innuendo, *Switzer*-Scribe,
 Crack'd bungling *Craftsmens* Tool ! ; perturbed Ghost
 Of M I S T departed, yet in darksome F O G
 (As restless *Larvæ* shun the Light) unlay'd

B 2

Transient

dison's CATO. *Diurnal Bruits.*] Daily-Posts, Courants, &c.
Æmulous Vespertines.] Evening-Posts, of which are various Rivals.
Journalists Hebdomodal.] Weekly Journals.

Transient appearing. Wou'd-be *Machiavel*
 Thro' Smoky Cloud and Council Key-hole peeps,
 Midwifing *Chrona's* Tympany and False-
 Conception, like *Hispanic* Mares by Air
 Made pregnant; sneering or on Elbow lolls,
 Or vacive Noddle shakes, with nictant Eye
 Half-clos'd (as th' Adage speaks) thro' Mill-stone
 To ken disjointed League, surrender'd Fort, [peers
 New *Daniel-Visions*, Monsters from the Deep
 Fictive Vapour Armies leading, from the Moon
 Armada's launch'd with nimble *P E R K I N's* Mann'd
 (Heroick Crews in Flight!); loud cens'ring now
 Misconduct Naval, ill-concerted Scheme
 Of Statesmen: — Ah! needing his gutted Brain

And

Chrona.] Not judging the Word *Ora* in all respects so proper, I'm forc'd, O ye Criticks, a-la-mode de *Nero's* Chirurgery on poor *Sporus*, to give Old *Saturn* a second Castration, and make (*Chronos*) Time of the Feminine Gender, knowing not otherwise how to deliver him of his airy Burthen, by a Passage not unseemly.

Hispanic Mares.] *Pliny*, lib. viii. cap. 44. (fabulously enough) writes of Mares, about *Lisbon*, heretofore reckoned a Part of *Spain*, when the West-Wind blew, turning up their Tails, and receiving genital Air instead of natural Seed: — *Risum teneatis?*

Perkins.] *Kin*, in *Ancient English*, says *Verstegan*, was (and I think the Scorch so use it still) our Diminutive; so *Perkin* signifying little *Peter* happens well for my Design.

And brave Armipotence ! PORK EMPERIC,
 Noted for Prominence of Tripes, unlike
 Venefic Elf in *Shakespear's* Scene describ'd,
 Forget not, Muse. Lo ! what Importance sits
 On his capacious Forehead ! Not the Hog
 That Worth Medicinal of *Therma-Spring*
 Descry'd more stately grunted, nor as four
 On Pigs less Knowing gloted. States depend
 On his momentous Nod : His sov'reign Frown
 Fall of high Fav'rite dooms ; hardly a Scranch
 Of Mandible but Minion's Fortune grinds,
 And with a Whiff what Honour puffs he down !
 Impending airy Battle he discerns,
 As kindred Swine an hov'ring Tempest spy,
 And *Cade* reviv'd recruiting Tumult scents,
 As Porcupisces nose the gath'ring Storm.

Ply-----an

Shakespear's Scene describ'd.] One of the most natural Descriptions I ever met with I take to be that of the meagre Apothecary who sells Poison to *Romeo*, if I remember right, in the Last Act of *Romeo and Juliet*.— *The Hog that Worth medicinal of Therma Spring.*] The Virtues of the Bath Fountain are said (vulgarly at least) to have been first discover'd by a diseased Hog. *As Swine an hov'ring Tempest view.*] Hogs are suppos'd capable of discerning Wind, &c. *Cade.*] *Jack Cade*, a Ring-leader of the Mob in the Reign of *K. Henry VI.* *Porcupisces.*] The right Name of the

Ply-----an shrewd nor Muse omit, so fam'd
 For solemn Strut, starch'd Fop's coxcomick Jaunt,
 And Molly Air. Than *Ba'lam's* scarce or Brute
 Or Wench bray'd more *pythonic*, nor shew'd Man
 Of Nose like critic Wring, whence Sapience flows
 En-snuff'd: By *Forger Subtleman* compeer'd,
 Smuggler in Wit, of skill'd Artificer.
 The honest Manufacture who decrys,
 Whose Laugh rhetorical, smart logic Grin,
 (Opposeless Arguments!) and learned Pish!
 Oft stun, and thus confute the crowded Board.

O R He, the Man of potent Cash, (whose Soul
 Dire *Fecial* Mace, Town-Plaint's intangling Spell,
 And necromantic Writ, not scare) may sit
 Elate and blithe, with Accent great and call
 For sprightly Ale, in cool odorous Bow'r

At

Porpoise, or *Hog-Fish*, which by holding his Snout above the Water, &c. often foreshews a Storm. [Coxcomick.] How the Word lost its proper Spelling is not worth the while to ask; but *Cock's-Comb* was certainly the Term used to reproach a vain, conceited, silly Fellow, derived from the Occasion of a Fool's Cap being fashioned on the Top like the Head and Neck of a *crested Cock*.

Fecial.] The Herald among the *Romans* who denounced War was term'd *Fetialis*, as he who offer'd Peace was *Caduceator* from the *Caduceus* which he bore: The said *Fetialis* carrying a Pike spear'd with Iron, or bloody and burnt at the Point.

At th' WIDOW's, or by foffile Heat regale
 In Kitchen-Settle, or snug Nook below
 Cook's fwift Machine. Egregious Mighty ALE!
 Elixir *Cereris* ! perlucid BELCH!
 Great Aliment ! true *Opobalsamum* !
 For Heart's Grief-Wound the Cure ! Thy matchlefs
 Worth

Fain celebrate I would ; but how, oh ! how
 Should thirfty I, unfill'd of Thee, with Lips
 Scarce moisten'd but with lick'rish Tongue, attempt
 Thy arduous Laud ? Which *Pindar*'s tow'ring Wing
 Surmounts ; and toping Lyric of Old *Rome*,
 Like me with gelid *Rot-pipe* mean-inspir'd,
 Would poorly fing. Sad Odds ah ! how immense
 'Twixt warm *Fatern* and Pump's cold Spurt, which
 breeds

Imbowel'd Chilblains ! Space yer wider 'tween

Clearerft

At the Widow's.] The Widow *Jane Baker*'s, behind the *Green-Dragon-Inn*, felected not only becaufe it was the Houfe by me moft affected to take a Glafs of balsamic Ale at, now and then, with a Friend, but by reason alfo of the frequent Refort thither of the Town-Serjeants at Mace. Belonging to this Houfe, which is indeed notable for very good Entertainment, is an adjacent Garden, and Arbours for Summer, and in the Kitchen during Winter a constant Sea-Coal Fire, which is poetically design'd by *foffile Heat*. Happy deems he himfelf who fecures the warm Corner under the

Clearerest *Surrentine* Draughts and JANE's more
rhymeful Ale!

HE, other whiles, the *Oëbalian Gods*
Not studious to invoke, on board embarques
Julia-Cæsarean GALLY (once so nam'd
Pyratic Algier), where TOM Commodore
Hoists azure Pennant, by rude Lips, unskill'd
In Style poetick, phras'd Host's Apron blue.
Here Choice of elegant Pomasian Wines,
Native of sweet *Devonia's Austral* Groves,
To whose Spice-flavour'd brisker Potency
Boasting *Silures* yield, blunt Fancies edge

To

Jack. *Topping Lyrick.*] *Horace*, who is suppos'd to have been,
at convenient Seasons, a Pitcher-man as good as I represent my self.
Oëbalian Gods.] *Castor* and *Pollux*, whose Protection the Old Pa-
gan Mariners were wont to implore.

On board embarques, &c.] Mr. Tho. Wheadon's, at the Ship, in St.
Martin's Lane, the Inscription on whose Sign is *The Algerine Gally*;
(*Algier* being at first named *Julia Cæsarea*) renown'd for excellent
Southams Cyder; which of late is so much improv'd, that that
of *Herefordshire* must give place thereto. *Silures*, I imagine, are
the *South Welch* properly; but the People of *Herefordshire* also
obtain that Name. *Ham*, (or *Heym*) says *Minshew* in his 1st Edit.
in Old Saxon (the Root of our genuine *English*) signified a *Wood*
or *Grove*, as well as an *Home* or *Dwelling*. And his Master *Verste-*
gan likewise tells us, it originally signifieth a *Coverture* or *Place*
of *Shelter*, and but metaphorically an *House* or *Residence*. If so,
Why should it be altogether impossible our Celebrated *Southams*
might have (*partly*) been so nam'd from the Abundance of *Or-*

To witty Altercation, drolling Prate
 Polemic. Deep-engag'd pragmatic STITCH,
 " *Full famous for romantic Tale,* " exerts
 Inventive Genius: Whilst CULTRARIUS, keen
 As his own Blades, of Temper *Damascane*,
 Than Mettal forg'd at *Bilbilis* more tough,
 By hissing Goose and piercing Bar of Steel,
 Long-Finger's Cuirass, and exitial Edge
 Of Shears, not daunted, sputters, swills, and foams,
 With mighty Bawl, and mighty Nothing means.
 Nor yet unprofitable the Dispute
 To passive Ears, (*Ears which could stand the Fire*
Of Ordinance Olympic) wont to draw
 Wisdom from th' Learn'd Impertinence; like as
 From ferid Mucous fragrant Particles,
 Dulcid, th' erratic humming Chymist sucks,

IN merry Vein sometimes He cranker Talk
 Of *Semi-Lunar* Lord, (What Sultan proud

C

So

hards and Apple-Trees there growing? Yet if not, I humbly
 may suppose, *Devonia's Austral Groves*, seeing the Kind of Verse
 which I have chosen requires, even in Matters the most trivial, a

So just the *Crescent* bears? What dearer Joy
 E'er from *Juverna's* fertile Soil made Tour,
 Sweet *Shamrough* leaving and capacious Dish
 Rich with *Potatoes?*) seated 'hind the Bar
 Enjoys; white curling Fume of minced Leaf,
 Great *Nicot's* Plant, (whose healing Pow'r, mature
 Or green, no morbid Venom may resist)
 Grand as Turbanted Bashaw, thro' long Tube,
 Glaz'd and with artificial Coral tipp'd,

Exhausting ;

Distion somewhat out of the vulgar Path, may well enough imply *The Southams* in *Devonshire*, when talking of the Fruit which is there produced. *Bilbilis.*] Now call'd *Bilbo.* Ordinance *Olympic.*] Thunder.

Semi-Lunar Lord.] My real worthy Friend Mr. *Atkinson* at the *Half-Moon*, an honest, loyal, and truly Protestant *Hibernian*; a sensible, facetious, and very good-natur'd Man, and will be well pleas'd with my merely poetic jocular Vein, since I (laying aside Mirth) declare he sells the very Best of Wines, and, if *ANY* are so, without Sophistication. *Crescent.*] The Figure of an *Half-Moon*, Three of which compose the Arms of the *Ottoman* Emperour. *Juverna.*] i. e. *Ireland.* Vid. *Juv. Sat. 1. sub fin.* *Nicot's Plant.*] Tobacco, called *Nicotian* from *John Nicot*, or *Nicotianus*, who first sent some of it into *France*, in 1560, whilst he was Ambassador to *Portugal* from the Christian King. It receiv'd the Name *Tobacco*, or *Tabaco*, says my Learned Author, in all modern Languages, from the Island *Tabago*, where it was produced in great Plenty; tho' the *Indians*, who had long Experience of its Vertues before it was known to *Europe*, call'd it *Peicielt*, or *Pilciet*. Prepar'd whilst green, it's an admirable Remedy for Cuts, Stabs, Ulcers, &c. the Juice whereof is sovereign against a recent Wound, tho' made with a poison'd Weapon; and made into a Syrup it is excellent in many Distempers: Besides the smoking its well-cured Leaf is very good, and even requisite, for many Constitutions.

Exhausting ; and Transfudent bulky Glass,
 Worthy thy Hand, Great *Liber* ! brisk sets round,
 Purpled with Dye press'd from the racy Bunch
 Of *Lusitanian* Plantage ; rich-*southam*'d
 And to politer Palate cooper'd fine,
 (By Ignorance how fond call'd *balderdash*'d !)
 Nor draws ring'd Veil, unless to skreen from bleak
 Annoyant Puffs.

'M I D S T Friends select, else, with superiour Glee,
 Invests Porcelain Hemisphere, immense
 As Brazen Sea of *David*'s Son, replete
 With th' Acid golden oval Rinds encask'd,
 With spangled Sweet, (fair ruin'd Pyramid !)
 And diverse Liquids mix'd, Ambrosial Gulps
 Compounding, riv'ling *Jove*'s: And dithyrambic Song
 Or sweet *Anacreontic*, from the Pipe
 Of big-canorous ELEPHANTINE JACK

C 2

In

ons, if us'd with Moderation. *Transfudent bulky Glass.*] A large
 Decanther. *Lusitanian Plantage, &c.*] Red Port Wine. Nor
draws ring'd Veil.] The little Room behind the Bar, wherein I chose
 to sit, is parted from it only by a Curtain.
Elephantine Jack.] My dear Kinsman Mr. John Worthewale, who
 at the Time when this was written kept the Elephant Inn.

In Parlour hears ; tasting ineffable
 Delight, exceeding Pagan Monarchs Reach
 And Gold-chain'd Slaves of Courts. Nor starting
 notes

In th' Int'rim lifted Latch, soft Pat, rough Bounce,
 Eaves-dropper's Peep thro' Chasm or Cranny, lest
Uncircumcis'd Philistine glum the Room
 Invade, from Basilisk's envenom'd Lamps
 Shoot algid Tremour thro' his Veins, as if
 The Nectar from *Nonacris* sprung, o'ercast
 With neb'lous Damp his radiant Brow, and Odes
 Of gladsome Theme to rueful Dirges turn.

F A R be Surmise I Night-long Revels laud,
 Carouse or 'bove exhilarating Pitch.
 Sole let *Tricongius* boast enormous Swill,
 Twice or let 'Tunnel *Piso* quench the Sun

In

Tricongius.] *Novellus Torquatus*, a Man of Eminence in the Reign of *Tiberius*, but especially remarkable for drinking in his Presence Three Gallons of Wine at one Draught, before he took Breath again; for which worthy Archievement he was by that drunken Emperor Knighted by the Title of *Tricongius*; as much as to say, *The Three-Gallon Knight*. *C. Piso* was advanced by the same *Caesar* for the like celebrated Qualification, and particularly because he sat two full Days and Nights constantly drinking. For more see *Pliny*, lib. 14. cap. 22.

In lewd Debauch, unmov'd to trebbled Morn
Hesperus out-watch, unrival'd. Foul Excess
 My Cup infect not : On its Rim inscribe
 SACRED'S THE GOLDEN MEAN. Rank Aconite
 Steep'd in th' high Goblet lies, and Sorcery lurks
 'Neath *Circe's* smiling Deep, Divine-like Men
 To Swine transforming. Sly morbidic roams
 Ebrosity thro' ev'ry Nerve, and posts
 A tort'ring Death in ev'ry seized Joint ;
 The Mind, enlighten'd vig'rous, and benights
 Nor less enfeeble. *Bromius*, may the *Nymphs*,
 Thy Nurses undefil'd, still Thee attend.
 Chief let *Minerva* o'er the Mirth preside,
 And, skinking, temper the too fiery Bowl.
 Free Social God ! thy hospitable Sire
 Attest, and banish from thy jovial Rites
 Wrangling and Brawls prophane ; in *Belgic* Climes

Dire

Bromius.] One of the Names given *Bacchus*, most for my Purpose, so called from a *Greek* Word signifying *Thunder*. 'Twere too long to recite the Story of *Semele*, which gave Occasion of it, and of *Bacchus's* being nursed by the *Nymphs*, &c. But the Moral is, that the hot Nature of *Wine* should be temper'd well with *Water*.
Hospitable Sire.] *Jupiter* was the God of Ho-

Dire hostile Temulence, ungen'rous Pledge
 Of bloody Knife, or circum-damm'd restrain:
 Hence Ribauldry impure! Hence, boist'rous Rout
 Who rakish *Comus* serve; noctivagant
 And. (as at *Gibeath* erst wild *Belial's* Sons,
 When headstrong Lust reign'd Monarch) peaceful
 Rest

Insult with witless Din, the Street and fill
 With Frenzy and outrageous Pranks would shame
 Full *Bedlam's* top-most Class in Spring to hear.
 Avaunt, from hence keep far, ye Cloud-born Seed,
 Nor be thy Lust-marr'd Banquet, *Pirithous*,
 Madly renew'd, with *Lapithæan* Blood
 Ting'd, and polluted (*Eurytus*) by thine,
 With foul Disgorge and shatter'd Brain commix'd!

To Rural Glade *Favonius'* gentle Call
 Inviting, when bright *Cytherea* rules
 The Month, or when *Apollo* from the Bull

Shifts

Cloud-born Seed.] The *Centaur*s were said to be the Offspring of the Cloud embrac'd by *Ixion* instead of *Juno*. The Tale of the Fight between the *Lapithæ* and *Centaur*s, whereof *Eurytus* was one of the Chief, see in *Ovid. Met. lib. 12.*

Shifts Quatter to the *Twin*, and the green Velt
Of th' new-cloath'd Mead *Chloris* with sundry Bloom
Embroidets, he full early strolls, and drinks
The effluent Musks; accepted Incense which
Each Morn the grateful Flourets glad present
The Vernal Goddess: While gay Prospects feed
His greedy View, or distant Hill embrac'd
By Cloud diaphanous, near Vale, or Tree
Rising before the Eye, with tender Shoot
Virescent. Here chats quèint with ambling Trains
Of trick'd-up buxom Lasses, flow'ry Sprig
From Hawthorn stripp'd grasping and Slips of Elm,
Who snick'ring well stand Pun, nor gamesome want
Smart Repartee. Or with jocosè Amour
Tempts LACTEA, Nymph in Line of coarser Woof
And Neat's-Hide Boddice charming; froathy Pail
Pressing her matted Reed. Tiara deck'd
With *Ganges'* choice Coruscance, various Bos
Of Stony Dazzle, and rich Shell-born Gleam,
(Dull plagiarist Lustre!) she, to crown
Her auburn Tresses fleck, unneeded finds,
While fulved Primrose th' argent Daizy joins,

Spik'd

Spik'd as with Fire, to gem her fair-scour'd Load.
 Her smerking dimpled Cheek *Aurora's* seems
 T' have robb'd, of Alkanet and poultry Daub
 To Courtly Sloth resigns. Here wanton skip
 The Fleecy Innocents which people thick
 Each Hillock's Green; and Kine their sportive Crests
 Adverse intangle, and with Dewlaps sweep
 The Wat'ry Pearls from off the florid Blade,
 Or toss the Foam, or skittish spurn the Plain.
 The jolly Horse neighs am'rous for his She,
 Lascivious wallows, wincing trys the Heel,
 Or scours the gilded Close, his Neck enlarg'd
 Projecting proud, as if th' inglorious Bit
 To champ disdain. Mettled Choirs around,
 Perching on Twig, or the aerial Height
 Tempting, by Pinnions row'd to pleasing Change
 Of Place, alternate with melodious Chirp
 Chaunt æm'lous, *Hail, blest'd LIBERTY! All Hail*
To joyous FREEDOM! Hail, Heav'n's Gen'ral Gift,
And Nature's Common Birth-right! Jubilant
 The speechful Dales, in sweet Antiphone,
Hail FREEDOM! glad return. Oh! why from Me,
 From most upright and pious Men, debarr'd?
HIM

HIM by some River's flaggy Side behold,
 When genial Warmth the teeming Wave receives,
 While Finny Mothers cut the chrystal Stream,
 In owzy Beds and ripen'd Spawn dispose:
 The animated Seeds learn soon to creep,
 And crowding frequent thicken all the Flood.
 The Species various chuse distinct their Seat,
 In Brooky Shallow or unbottom'd Deep,
 And playful skit to catch their floating Prey,
 Or leap to seize it hov'ring on the Wing.
 For Thought what dainteous Food each Object new
 The ravish'd Sight presents! The spotless Swan
 How pleas'd he eyes, as yet unheeding Fate,
 Sport with the Surge, Ode funebrous nor tune!

IN blissful Musing wrapt oft see him roam.
 To where on Art Nature subservient waits,
 And many a dribbling congregated Rill
 In Confluence mix, and form a minor Sea,
 By *Double Lock* of massy Strength confin'd;

D

Impatient

Double Lock.] The Two Sluices, so call'd, about the Middle of
 our Canal vulgarly nam'd the *Ha'en*, corruptly or by Abbrevia-
 tion for *Haven*.

Impatient of Restraint, (O LIBERTY!
 Thee check'd what can endure!) murmuring which
 To speedier Freedom strive to force the Way,
 And bear along their Jail. Here, while the Mug
 His healthy Thirst regales, the cooing Dove
 The Mind to entertain fresh Matter yields.
 The Mallard fair, fast waddling by the Duck
 Of splendid silky Feather, seeks the Lake,
 And dines the Envy of nice *Gallick* Taste,
 Which owns Canonic but Nine *Memphian* Pests.
 His Plumes the noble Turkey proud unfurls,
 And graceful easy stalks. With lordly Port
 Heroic *Chaunticleer*, Polygamist
 Allow'd, more debonair strides large the Path,
 His passive Dames and beaking by Surprise,
 Like Seignieur Grand his whole Seraglio tastes.

SHADED on Arb'et's mossy Couch, (while rills
 The virid Blood in the Leaf's turgid Vein,
 Elysian Fragrance, [Such blind *Vot'ries*, who
 O'er Sandy Wilds, in num'rous Caravan,
 Visit Medina Shrine, their sensual Heav'n

Dream

Dream Ay-perfumes.] thro' twining Woodbine Flow'r
 Distilling Honey, and wreath'd Jessamin,
 With Osier wicker'd, odorif'rous Spray
 Of Eglantine them interweaving, wide
 Diffusing) or Bard's measur'd Chime, or grave
 Romant, light Novel, or Dramatique Speech,
 He reads ; or aims *Italic* Air to trill,
 Touching Spinner, or thro' Recorder blasts
 Soft Tune. Then grail'd Alley treads, and views
 Enamel'd Vesture of the lively Plat,
 Scarce grudging Loss of Paradise, to snuff
Arabia's balmy Gale nor wants. His Looks
 The aromattick Shrubs now wander o'er,
 Now o'er the smiling Buds ; surveying pleas'd
 The sprightly *Tulip's* gorgeous Dress, which shines
 In motley Vest the Garden Beau ; them now
 The *Cowslip* draws ; while fair *Ænemone*,
Narcissus comely, graceful *Hyacinth*,
 And *Daffodilla* cope delicious Breath,
 Claiming their rival lovely Forms to note.
 Thus ev'ry Art the Human Fair exert,
 In Pew or Box, at Pray'rs or Play, to catch

Of needless Youth the Gaze, their Charms and vie
The captive Eyes to fetter to their own.

No dented Folds tho' yet *Carnation* spreads

Of party Tinct, nor brinded *Pinks* surround

The lofty *Turnsole*, which (adult) out-stares

The Sun, more modest *Violets* humbly pride

In Shades, and various ferried Nosegays waft

Mellifluous Steam, t' allure the roving BREEZE.

The ravish'd BREEZE, qualm'd with too rich a
Sweet,

'Amidst the striving Beauties panting lags,

Irres'lute where to sleep, on Velvet Quilt

Of *Provence Rose* or *Lilly's* varnish'd Lawn.

The *Rose* and *Lilly* to the gentle Fan

Coquetting wave, proud of his dying Moan,

And nod as timing with his sighing Complaints.

THE Fruity Tree's depending Blossom joins
The copious Odour, whose thick gummy Boughs
Promise nectarean Loads; moist streaky *Pear* ;
Sound burnish'd *Apple* ; *Peach* of luscious Pulp ;
Or pouting *Cherry*, polish'd Ruby which

Shall

Shall look ; resplendent *Plumb*, like Ball of Gold
On *Ida* by the princely Shepherd erst
To Love's fair Queen consign'd, or those the Race
From swift *Atlanta* sav'd ; while on the Arms
Of *VINE* extended curling Tendrils play,
(Haply *IMMORTAL TREE* East *Eden* plac'd !)
Prepar'd for nat'ral Festoons, bursting which
With noblest Juice terrestrial Nectar yield.

Y E A, while Celestial Mad-Dog *Sirius* foams
Ignivomous, febrific Breath and sheds,
To *Phæbus*' rather or *Medea*'s Sons
And Sextons (Health from Maladies, and Life
From Tombs extracting) grateful, he assays
Successive Pleasures, Rounds of Mirth, and Change
Of recreative and salubrious Toil.

Now rowls he Globes smooth o'er the close-
Of glossy Verdure ; by coercive Voice, [hav'd Turf
With Twist of Corpse effective, and corrects
Their devious Course ; adds, or restrains too rash,
Velocity. Now the rebounding Ball

On

On quadrate Pavement lusty dings; now on
 Fram'd Woollen Bowling-Green, (from *Barum* Loom,
Barum for Tipple and Textorian Skill
 Renown'd, the slipp'ry Sod) of Square Oblong,
 Eburnean Globule agitates. Now twangs
 The flaxen String of stout *Brasilian* Tree,
 By Force of nervous Joints intent, and vies
 With *Sherwood* Heroes fam'd in Epic Song,
 Edition of *Pye-Corner*. Lonesome now
 Trout sportive hooks, armour'd with silver Scale
 With Rubies garnish'd, from sweet *ISCA*'s Gulf;
ISCA, than *ISIS* fairer or fair *THAMES*!
ISCA! more limpid and tranquil which
 Glides thro' her Channel, tho' less opulent
 Floats rarer ah! and patch her smoother Brow,
 The Eyes of her industrious Sons to glad,
 Her Sons for Arts, and Arms, and Fealty
 Loud *Polyhymnia*'s eternal Theme!

To

Sherwood Heroes.] *Rabin Hood*, *Little John*, &c. renowned Archers, who made *Sherwood* in *Nottinghamshire* famous for their Haunts therein. Old Historical Ballads were wont, and I think continue still, to be sold in *Pye-Corner*. Fealty.] The Motto of the *Exonian* Arms is *Semper Fidelis*, (as said before) bestow'd on the City for her oft-try'd Loyalty.

To warmer Pastime or inflated Horn,
 And howling Symphony of deep-mouth'd Hounds,
 Inspire him, and to eager long Pursuit
 Of persecuted Puss, which seeks in vain,
 By wily Doublings and fleet Heels, to lose
 The bloody Pack gath'ring her Vestiges.

NAY, e'en the Brumal Solstice rough advanc'd,
 His madid Locks when tawny WINTER combs
 Nimbiferous, threat'ning a Pyrrhan Age,
 High Noon benights, in Mourning hangs the Sky;
 Tho' NORTH inclement shocking Tempest blasts,
 Or the bleak EAST unkindly Blight; tho' stiff
 Agoceros chill nival Flakes shakes down,
 Or galling Sleet, or big concreted Show'r,
 (Destructive Ruin to the Field, in Bleats
 Which panting wails the Flock, and sturdier Herds
 The hoarded Fodder lowing beg, and know
 Grateful the Ploughman's Crib): In lazy Cloud,
 Belly'd with louring Fate, tho' foggy hangs
 Distemper fell, in the dank Atmosphere
 Sits shiv'ring FEBRIS, with her horrid Train,
 Brain-

Brain-jumbling COUGH, CATARRH, and purfie

WHEEZE,

Breeding tabific Ill: The flound'ring Whale;

Affecting frigid Waves, (which proud long steer'd

Her Bulk unweildy thro' the Cronian Depth,

The Scaly Vulgar chacing) the Annoy

Faintly enduring; tho' the Regal Bird,

Jove's flaming Indignation which sustains,

Pine in her Airy, on her moaning Young

Her famish'd Crow revenging; tho' among

The

Regal Bird.] *Pliny*, lib. 2. cap. 54. as also lib. 10. cap. 3. writes, that the *Eagle*, of all flying Fowl, is not obnoxious to the Stroke of Lightning; and for that Reason she is feign'd to be *Jupiter's* Armour-bearer. The same Author tells us, that while she has her Young under her Care to breed (not being able purvey sufficient Food), her Tallons at that Time also turning inward, her Feathers for very Famine wax grey; for which Cause she can't be suppos'd to bear any great Affection to her Breed; so that laying generally three Eggs, she usually turns out one of 'em, and the hatched Couple she soon also beats off, &c. I'm a little apprehensive of a Cavil some *Prose-Critic* (as Mr. *Dryden* styles such) may raise; and therefore I'm resolv'd to be beforehand with him, viz. Does the *Eagle* breed in Winter? I should only answer such a Querry with a Smile, (tho' I might quote *Pliny* again, lib. 10 cap. 53. that some Birds [not naming the Species] lay, &c. only Two Months, viz. in Mid-winter; and Experience tells us our *Hens* sometimes hatch in Winter.) being able produce many Inconsistencies (supposing this should be found one) as gross as this in the Best of Poets. And while I make the Observation myself, I enter my Caveat against any Usurper of the Honour of it.

The warbling Plum'd, save from *Frigilla* (which
 Sharp Hardship praises, Vigour and recruits
 In the benumbing Season) chearful Note
 Scarce may be heard: - H E, 'neath close Roof secure,
 With Bavins pil'd and mighty Logs dissolves
 The rigid Frost. ('till roused Zephyr frisks
 Half-wak'd around, admiring and return'd
 Deems earlier Spring); from jolly Tankard, crown'd
 With *Oriental Spice*, Libation rich
 Pours forth devout, and Sacrifice performs
 To his blithe Genius; or with merry Catch,
 Quip bandy'd, quibbling Joke, Enigma dark
 Of grimed Phrase, Tale, Dance, or humorous Farce,
 Beguiles stern WINTER, and defeats his Rage.

T H E friendly War nor pretermitt, O Muse,
 When Four contending Paper Monarchs, fierce
 With cloven Beard and crisp'd Mustachoes, draw
 E Their

Frigilla.] The Bird among the *Latins* nam'd *Frigilla*, (a *Fri-*
gore) from *Cold*, was of Old emblematically us'd to signify
 the *Winter-Season*, as the *Cuckow* was for the *Summer*; for that
 during the coldest Time of Year she chiefly sings, flourishes,
 and grows fat. *Aristotle* (lib. 8. *Hist. Anim.* cap. 3.) treats
 of her. I take her to be the *Chaffinch*.

Their Troops on Carpet Plain, which bold display
 Complexion various, each his Strength and Fate
 To prove, and bravely vanquish, or as brave
 Drop under Conquest. AFRICK thus her Sons
 Sable and ruddy views in hostile Field
 Imbattled led by MULEY's striving Race,
 In Brother's Gore deep wading to the Throne.
 Their griesly Majesties, in pompous Robes,
 Like *Persian* Sophi's erst, to Conflict lead
 Their Consorts Royal; ah! oft doom'd to fall
 Beneath the Rape of churlish *Knave*, and oft
 Ta'en Captive by rude Vulgar Hand. Now sinks
 Great ALEXANDER by stout HECTOR slain,
 Allotted to the *Triumph*. CHARLES (who might
 Of *Hearts* the King withstand?) fair PALLAS wins,
 Tho' from the Sconce of the dread Thund'rer
 sprung
 Th' illustrious Goddess. Brisk her Halberdier
 His marshall'd Files her Loss heads to revenge,
 With *Shovels* arm'd; too late but finds cut off
 Hope of Retreat, by vile Plebeian cloath'd
 In Scarlet taken. Yet, Victorious Bands,

Vaunt

Vaunt not, of War the variable Chance
 And know. His swarthy Squadrons rallying soon,
 Grim King of ÆTHIOPS, PAM by his Side,
 Brings on with mighty Clubs, which furious rush
 Pell-mell to Havock. In promiscuous Heaps
 Now hide the Ground the Dead of diverse Hue,
 Which yet, like Bays's Slain, reviving rise
 Again to Battle, yet again to fall.

WITH Game domestick tir'd, full oft equipp'd
 As a Stage-Scipio buskin'd, or in Boot
 Like Farq'har's strolling Gybber, terribly
 Accoutred as a Cruso, furbish'd Gun
 Or light Fusée he shoulders; flashing oft,
 And sometimes popping over hoary Field,
 Or crackling Brook, beneath whose glacial Crust
 The Purlings die, or Bush with Is'cles leaf'd,
 To winged Flocks Perdition. Appetite
 And Food luxurious thus he doubly hunts:
 In wattled Cottage yet on mouldy Loaf,
 Dry press'd Curd vinew'd, or Hog rusty slic'd,
 Feasts lordly; and each lusty Champ extolls
 Coarse Hunger-sawc'd Fare's dainteous Multinefs.

THUS warlike *Edom*, Bowman expert, who
 Liv'd on his Arms, from hotter Field return'd
 Sharp-set with toothsome Game : But rural Soop
 So tempting lovely in his Nostril reek'd,
 Seeth'd hully Lintiles he to Ven'ion raw
 Preferr'd ; and, (as many a supplanted Heir
 O'er *Brckage-Alley* Dish to *Jacob's* Sons,
 Right Line of *Plainness* !) jobbing o'er the Steam,
 (*Predestin'd Bubble* !) Right of Birth transferr'd.

Now tender *Partridge* or fat *Plover* drops,
 Or *Curlew* haunting Fens. The Fowls Marine,
Gull, *Widgeon*, *Teal*, and *Coot* of dusky Plume,
 Submersion flee, by Fire all Flight to end.
 The shrill-pip'd *Quail*, Prey admir'd, and *Lark*,
 With Strains altisonant that fill'd the Sky,
 Th' ingrateful Ave-cide perhaps and had
 Raptur'd, with charitable *Robin*, find
 Rare Mercy. Painful to thy View, O Sage
 Of *Samos*, by the Queen of Gods belov'd,

Such

Sage of Samos.] *Pythagoras*, who maintain'd the *Metempsychosis*,
 or Transmigration of Souls ; and would therefore often purchase
 Birds, &c. to deliver them from Death and worse Imprisonment.

Such Sport nefarious, playsome Massacre !
 Had prov'd : Thrice luscious and the Tragic Fate
 Of Musick scarce *Melpomene* endures
 To sing ! Lo thy rhetorick Eloquence
 Vain pleads for Safety, sweet Tongue-gifted *Stare* !
 Nor can the *Ouse*'s sable Garb (not e'en
 In Rev'rence of sleek holy Cassock's Hue)
 Protection claim from Slaughter. PHILOMEL
 Fresh Cause for tuneful Wailing finds. Again
 Is serv'd to Table *ITYS*, chang'd to Form
 Of luscious *Pheasant* ; less unnatural
 Repast than first at *TEREUS*' Board. Repents
 Rash *Woodcock* late his hazardous Attempt
 New Regions to explore, th' illumin'd Moon
 Nightly and wistful eyes, his Native Land,

If

Philomel.] Her poetical Story is as follows. *Terem*, King of *Thrace*, who had married *Progne*, Daughrer of *Pandion*, King of *Athens*, committed a Rape upon her Sister *Philomela*, and barbarously cut out her Tongue to prevent her revealing it, and clapt her up in Prison. However, she wrought the Story in Embroidery, and sent to *Progne*. At the Feast of *Bacchus* *Progne* deliver'd her Sister cut of Confinement, and caused her to slay her [*Progne's*] Son *Itys*, dress him, and serve him up before the King, who in Rage pursuing to destroy them, he himself was changed into a *Lapwing*, *Progne* into a *Swallow*, and *Philomela* into a *Nightingale*, who still bewails her sad Misfortunes.

If right teach Learned *ANODYNE*: The *Snipe*,
 His kindred Bird, with equal Reason mourns
 Fond Youthful Curiosity, and falls
 Untimely in inhospitable Coast
 By murderous Lead. Them sharp carniv'rous Jaws
 Dispatch; nor Brain, nor Garbage, Blood nor Guts,
 Nor very Ordure, 'scape the craving Maw.

So whilom when *Columbus*, bent on Search
 Of Knowledge, Wealth, and Fame, made latent
 Worlds,

Touching the cluster'd Isles the gen'ral Name
Antilla sharing, oft his straggling Mates,
 In Ward remiss, deep in their Breasts receiv'd
 A missive Death swift from unerring Bow
 Of *Canibal*; and furnish'd warm his Feast
 With Carcasses delicious. For his God
 (Hellish-complexion'd!) tho' he, more devout,
 The Inwards choice and sav'ry *Filth* reserv'd.

NOUGHT

Anodyne.] The Ingenious Author of the celebrated *Anodyne Neck-lace* for breeding Childrens Teeth, some Time since, publish'd a Pamphlet, wherein he assay'd to prove the *Woodcock*, *Snipe*, &c. came from and returned Yearly to the Moon.

NOUGHT list I to recount th' exstastic Pangs
 Of Blis which EROS, (or, with purer Flame
 His Arrow wing'd, diviner ANTEROS,
 Of Stock celestial, *Virtuous Love*) his Heart
 Gently transfixing, gives the pleasing Wound :
 Nor modest Transports of the genial Folds
 Reciprocal, o'er which the NUPTIAL GOD,
 Chastly lascivious, and to Nature's Law
 Submits, sits President, dare I rehearse.
 Once — ah ! but for my broken Voice too vast
 The rapturous Song : Bards dare the mighty Tune
 Not Fear-nipp'd who possess the generous Warmth,
 Nor dulling Cares your downy Bolsters press !

THUS lives he blest his Great PENATES who
 All-potent MAMMON keeps ; whose Coffer strong,
 To Borrow'r's Stratagem and Felon's Shock
 Impregnable, PLUTUS engarrisons ;
 From

Eros, Anteros.] The Learned Heathens (among others Cicero, as
 in his Treatise *de Natura Deorum*,) imagined Two different *Cupids*,
Eros and *Anteros* ; the first-named sprung from *Erebus* and *Night*,
 lustful and dishonest ; the other of heavenly Extract, virtuous and
 honourable, &c.

From *growing* Chalk, Loan-trader's cank'ring Ink,
 Impressed Wax, Pelf-gurgitating Suits,
 Dread of Law-Rapparees and Thralldom free!

WHILE I! of squint-ey'd and left-handed Fate
 The shatter'd Butt! whose *penal* Horoscope
 SATURN, of all the circling Heptarchy
 Most spiteful, or some Cloud-endungeon'd Star
 Of *Three-p'ny Influence* rul'd! I in Ease
 Fall short of tatter'd houseless Mendicants
 Who rove *enlarg'd*, on Scraps of Charity,
 Wrested by Tears from grumbling Niggards Hands,
 With Dogs scarce Guests admitted! I, with Gnaw
 Of Lip, Teeth gnash'd, Heart-twinging Sighs pro-
 found,
 Grudge the blest *Cynick's* hooped moving Lodge,
 Of strenuous Hatch, and Gate of massy Plank,
 Devoid, from open Storm or close Surprise
 Of prowling BAILIFF safe. I moping sit,
 Mew'd up, secluded from the World, as if
 ADVERSITY in pensive Attitude,
 Coop'd, for her meagre Picture sat; whose Brow,
 Pale;

Pale, cold, and damp, wild-staring **TERROUR** seiz'd,
 While shrieking **DANGER** with aduncous Pounce
 In Harpy's Semblance hover'd o'er; and by
 Stood sighing **COMFORT** mute; and **PATIENCE**,
 sunk

Beneath o'erwhelming Loads, lay crippled, scarce
 Retaining Strength to groan. Sad *Imag'ry*!
 But Emblem of my State too apt; nor can,
Apelles' Heir, **HUDSON**, thy forming Hand
 More lively it depict. Of Solace I
 With my own servile Brute Domesticks ne'er
 Equal participate. *Greymalkin* sleeps
 Secure, nor but of Game delightful dreams
 And Ven'son Chear; in frolic Vein and oft
 Plays antick Gambol, vigorous frisky bounds
 Above the Mimickry and agile Spring
 Of airy *Harlequine*; or winking purrs,
 Basking majestick in the Solar Beams
 Thro' Window darted, or by warmful Side
 Of Chimney, heedless of expanded Door
 Or thund'ring Din of Knocker. Faithful *Clo*,
 (Shame to the *Traytor Man*! for *Dogs* not leave,

Sure not betray, their Lord whom Fortune quits,
 Nor bite the Hand from which the Crums they took)
 Tho' a pigmæan mungril Officer,
 Authority asserts, intrepid bays,
 With stretch'd vociferous Throat, of unknown Foot
 Intrusion bent t' oppose; or fair accosts
 With Tail's Salute and whining Blandishment
 Approach of kind Acquaintance; free in Day
 And sometimes airs, nor Circumspection needs,
 Thro' Alleys blind and devious Lanes nor flinks,
 Sharp Fang of *Catchpole Hound* and Holders strong
 Of *Jailor Mastiff* dodging. E'en minute
 Quadruped, like me skulking, 'neath the Plank
 More pleasant spends the Day, the Talons fell
 Of *Nabbing Foe* regarding less, dry Meals
 Mounching in Peace, in safer Night purloin'd.

As *Israel's* Seed, from *Babylonish* Chains
 Restor'd, their *Holy Salem's* ruin'd Walls
 Erecting, when obstructed by the proud
Sanballat's Malice and *Tobiah's* Ire,
 The guarding Sword in one Hand held, while one
 The

The lab'ring Trowel guided, — I, on Wrist,
 Pendent by Cord, at Squeeze of *Faust's* Machine
 [Whose *Black Art* Learn'd, as *Naso* plaintive sung
 Fall by his Skill, I rue] or Victual, (when
 To riot bounteous grant the Gods) retain
 Drawn Cutlash ; — like Sir *Hudibras's* Durk
 For double Use prepar'd, from Liver broil'd
 (Seldom !) of Ox, with Goose-Lard, fetid Sawce !
 Ill-basted, or from brawny *SEIZER's* Butt
 To hack large Collops. But, with Garbs succinct
 And Trav'ling Staves, fat Paschal Roast the Tribes,
 To *FREEDOM* eating manfully their Way,
 So hasty not at *Ægypt* gobbled down,
 Scanty Repast as I. With Sight affix'd
 On Door, (lest should a Flock more vulturous than
 Dire Birds deform'd, *Symphalic* nam'd, whose Rape,
 Less horrid Rape, at *Plota* once annoy'd
 Like-Armed *Trojans* Meal, each Moment force
 Its Bars) greas'd scraggy Knuckles (Errour sad !)

F 2

I

Faust.] The Inventer of the Art of *Printing*. From him rose
 the Story of Dr. *Faustus* the Magician. *Birds deform'd, &c.*
i. e. Harpies. Vid. *Virg. Æn.* lib. 3.

I hapless carve, and thin-rubb'd Trencher snap
For black Crust fumbling. While blunt scribbling

Quill

I wield, keen secant Iron dangling loads
Same spindle Arm ; like *Cæsar* erst in Camp
To *Mavors* rabid God and *Hermes* mild
Equal addressing Vows. But *Cæsar*, Prince
Of Fortune, faithful Cohorts station'd round
His safe Pavilion knew : While my poor Cage
Unfenced stands encompass'd deep with Ranks
Formidolous ; Myriads (if Fancy right
Computes) in whom Vastation's privileg'd,
Outrage and venial, Ruffians by the Law
Commision'd ; each with *Cassius'* Rancour urg'd
And *Caska's* Daring furnish'd ; *Sinons* train'd,
Sturdy and guileful, bold as *Capanem*
Storming high *Thebes* ; each worthy to conduct
The Chieftan Fiend, Burglar and Felon prime
In *Mist's* Ascent when fatal Ingress he
Into the mounded blissful Garden wrought,

Maugre

In Mist's Ascent.] See *Milt. Parad. Lost*, Book 9. Ver. 75.

Maugre Cherubic Guards. O *Julius*, who
 In ghastly Danger's Face could'st ruddy smile,
 DESPAIR himself and beard, tho' horrible
 As liveliest Fancy paints; nor Augur's Voice,
 Prompted by Fate, thy Bosom firm could dint;
 At *Sardis* less thy stately Spright apall'd
 Thy Noble Murd'rer's Brow, than would one Shade
 Of the damn'd Japizaries who in Swarms
 My Gates blockade, spread o'er thy sanguine Cheek
 A lurid Wan: A new *Titanian* Gang
 Th' *Olympic* Cittadel who durst to scale
 Attempt, to *Erebus* and Captive drag
 Unbail'd, the G O D S ! Walls, Beams, prodigi-
 ous Rocks,
 Mountains by Nature, Ramparts fram'd by Art,
 Tow'rs, *Alpine* Barricadoes, *Pelion* heap'd
 On *Ossa* with its Forrests; vast Redoubt
 Munite of *Willis* at Fam'd *Calpe* (Fence

Full

Fancy paints.] See *Spencer's Fairy Queen*, Book 1. Cant. 9. Stan:
 35, 36. *Calpe.*] The Name of *Gibraltar*, or *Gibeltar*, was
Calpe, or Mount *Calpe*. It took the Change, says a Learned Au-
 thor, from the *Arabian* Word *Gibel* (that is, *Mountain*) and *Ta-*
rifa, the Name of a *Moorish* Commander, at the Time he over-ran
Spain; so that from *Gibel-Tarifa* by an Elision is form'd *Gibel-*
Tar; as much as to say, The Mountain of *Tarifa*.

Full adamantine Proof, near moated round
 With Seas *Herculean* nam'd, with *British* Might
 And BRUNSWICK's Thunder stor'd, impregnable
 To boasting Strength of irritated *Spain*)
 Weak would their Siege resist, at least the Dread
 Of hourly Expugnation. Guardian *Jove* !
 The groaning Earth from Pests so dire relieve !

WHILE Perils imminent by slender Tread,
 Like pointed Dagger o'er my caskless Head
 Vibrissant, menace thus immediate Fate,
 Each distant Buzz my harrafs'd Soul confounds
 Their terrible Irruption waiting. As,
 When in a City sack'd victorious *Rage*
 And *Plunder* range licentious ; when mad *Lust*
 Loose roams, and hot *Pollution* ev'ry Porch
 Attacks ; when mangling *Slaughter* prances thro'
 The Blood-gurg'd Street ; retir'd to close Recess
 The fainting Virgin cow'rs at every Noise
 Remote, and her dishevel'd Tresses twist
 The sanguinary Hand already feels ; —
 So Me, continual scar'd, each airy Puff,

In dreadful Undulations from afar,
Or flutt'ring Insect's nigh bombylious Whurr,-
With killing Pannick strikes, the Shoulder-Grasp
Avoidless as proclaiming. Pester'd Ears
Vain 'twere to damm, the Terrour to exclude,
Arresting *every* Sense : My shrinking Back
The Clap by Instinct shuns, and Eye-balls make
Spontaneous Retrospection ; Heart too warns,
Faint throbbing, constant or to Arms or Flight.
To Flight? Ah ! where : At Heel (I shudd'ring tell !)
Since the fierce Terriers I ween pursue
Close as my Shadow ? Where I wistly Glance
Direct, my Path their Apparitions skim,
Along the Roof or glide, or whizzing flit
Beside my Ears, me round or circling hem.
Like eager Bull-Dog *Brooks's* Spectrum shoots,
Ope-mouth'd, his Grinders froath'd with Blood,
and Thongs
Slav'ring of viscous Foam. And *Townsend* seems,
With knobb'd Battoon uplift, (*Huge Gazite's* Hand,
Monster less horrible ! such *Weaver's Beam*
Might burthen) rushing on. Stern *Rogers* glares,
With

With Aspect, like *Medusa's* snake-lock'd Front,
 Petrific, to a marbled *Niobe*
 Me staring. *Rice* him (Countenance imboft
 With Boil-Vulcano's, wherein *Tophet* Flames
 Glow quenchless, Worm perennial gnawing) backs.
 Behind them *Kent* perhorrid lurks, conjoin'd
 With *Tucker*, furly as on *Russian* Snows
 The Cub-robb'd Bear, more vigilant to spring
 Than Libbard on his Prey. On drivell'd Wall
 Dry'd Spawls fortuitous foul represent,
 In Fresco vile, curst *Elliot's* Phizz ; than which
 Not rough-carv'd Lion at the Prow, not Masque
 For th' Island Dev'l-got Witch-teem'd Monster
 wrought,
 Not *Ang'lo's* Doom-Piece fam'd (where Demons vie
 Deformed Visage), one so hideous shews.
 And Thousand *Bums* minacious perdue seem
 In ev'ry Chink. While Peals of hell-rung Bans,
 Ruſtant from *Sav'ry's* Throat and *Newton's* (Sounds
 Of Desolation ! as if to denounce
 Inthralment endless) forely terebrate
 My Senſe Auricular. Oh ! torturing Fear !

Anticipa-

Anticipation of what Pains, 'tis sung,
 The *Damn'd* endure! *Ixion's* twirled Wheel,
 Th' impendent threat'ning Rock, the greedy Beak
 Which the fresh-growing Liver ceaseless digs,
 The Plenty-mocked Thirst of *Pelops'* Sire,
 Frustrated Labour of the *Belides*,
 Vain Toil of *Sisyphus*, and biting Rods
 By wood *Alecto* thrown, are felt in thee!
 Yet Torments light, with those conferr'd I doubt
 The *Upper Hell*, where *VALGLIN* sways, possess.

HORROR on Horror! see! behind his Grates
 The steel'd Perdition, Giant-Cruelty,
 Whose Guilt-engrossing transmigrated Soul
 A Thousand Alligators erst had taught
 Larger Voration! See! he whets his Tusk
 Scurvey'd with Pris'ners Blood, his Orbs and rows
 That sparkle fiery Malice, breathing fierce
 Expectance of my Coming! Hark! he clinks
 The Gyves excessive! Lo! and baleful Damps
 My Nostril from his mirkome Vault infest!
 Distracting Vision! which my frightened Balls

G

OF

Of Light their strain'd Cords burst to start from, then
 Deep in their Sockets shrink; craz'd my whole Frame
 Of Nature feels, unhing'd and ev'ry Bone
 Clatt'ring within the flabby Lean, their Pith
 Exhaust, and Tide of ev'ry Art'ry froze.

NOT WILKS, in Person of the Princely *Dane*,
 At solemn Stalk of Arm'd Ghost, overwhelm'd
 With Torrent of forc'd Passion, Agony
 So wild works up, or stiff Amaze assumes;
 By Furies agitated not the Son
 Of Great *Atrides*, with feign'd throttling Wheeze
 The Madding Part when POWELL topp'd, such
 Throws

Of black Confusion artful rack'd; nor BOOTH,
 Th' incestuous Parricide of *Thebes* (his Case
 Of grubb'd-out Sights streaming with gory Tears)
 Acting, presents such Shocks of Anguish, as
 Convulse me real at the fancied View.

Not CIBBER's self (Prince of the Stage and Pride,
 Whom *Æsop* join'd with *Roscius* to compose,
 Illustrious in the Buskin, on the Sock

Who

who equal thines) when *Beaufort's* hopeless Soul
 Hell's sieging Legions storm, his ransack'd Brain
 And dire *Erynnis* fires, vain æm'lous Eyes
 (That dart an epidemic Tremour thro'
 The Dome) might swell, faintly to imitate
 The twinging Horrors which tumultuous rage
 In mine, each Feature ghastly and distort.

STILL the tremendous Phasma large expands,
 Methinks, his sharpen'd Jaws ; and me t' absorb
 His Gate voracious widely, creaking, yawns.
 Perfection-Terrour ! Shield me, Bands of Health,
 Kind Ministers of Heav'n, if yet ye deign,
 Discharging Hests Divine, the Man upright
 To guard ! — Or thy maternal Womb disclose
 O Earth, me from his Gryfon-Clutches, wrapt
 Tho' in imbowel'd Burnings, to protect !

So (Verse relates) the miserable Wight
 Hight *Achemenides*, from Mansion long

G 2

In

Achemenides.] See *Virg. Æn.* lib. 3.

In Woe the Name deriving, *Eremit*
 Unwilling, (when like-wolf-maw'd Race abhor'd,
Brontes, *Pyracmon*, and their footy Mates
 Unnam'd, alternate on red-hissing Steel
 From *Ætna's* roaring Forge, stupendious Sledge
 Who swung robust, aloof he ey'd, their Crowns
 Brushing the vexed Sky, whose bellowing Talk
 And Tread, to which yielded the rocky Track
 Like Garden-Bed new-turn'd, in 's Earaston'd
 Rung hideous) — quaking sought the Desert Cave
 Of Beasts less formidably-jaw'd, and pray'd
 For Sanctuary in the Ocean's Arms.
 But *Him* the *Dardan* Wanderers releas'd,
 His tatter'd Vest tho' Scent of *Ilium's* Singe
 Had scarce relinquish'd, nor of *Phrygian* Wounds
 The Stain. While I, the Son of Peace, whose Breast
 Ne'er harbour'd hostile Wrath or Guile, implore
 My Country's Pity, no *Anchises'* Hand,
 Pledge of Redemption, yet stretch'd forth discern.

WITH shudd'ring Fits o'erpow'r'd at length and
 Horripilation, Bitterness of Soul
 Than

Than his of *Uz* more keen! my torpid Joints,
 To pristine Clay reduc'd, thick clammy Drops
 Cold bathing, I like Epileptick sink
 Prostrate extended; only in a Swoon
 Ease (yet not Safety) finding; and, to Light
 Pull'd back, regret th' officious chaffing Hand,
 Salt Volatile or subtile Spir'ts repel,
 And pecc'ral Wine adust thro' clenched Teeth
 Admit reluctant, with Key-Ring (to Gums
 Hurtful) unlock'd, in cruel Kindness forc'd.

THUS charg'd with Woe's my DAY: And I —
 (Oh! Wretch!

To deem a Blessing what Old *Memphis* felt
 Judgment so horrible!) — make ardent Vow
 For NIGHT's establish'd Reign, as when the Seeds
 Of Nature lay amass'd; beshrew the Star
 Luciferous; and each Eve-tide devote
 Hot Driver of the Welkin Fiery Stage
 To densest Gloom of *Dis*, or drown'd in Streams
 Of fabled Dalliance wish. — —
 — Yet when resigns

SATER

SATER (whose flowing Girdle FREEDOM near
Denotes) his tedious Sway, how chearful smiles
The grey-ey'd Dawn! What Joy the Rose-cheek'd
Morn

Inspires! What Life, what Bliss, the golden Noon!

SOUL's Vigil still I celebrate, and call,

Impatient, *Phosphor* up. Ecstatic, Spring

Of Day I, facing *East*, salute; first Peep

And joyful leap of *Phœbus*' Eye to catch.

The *Pythonefs* of Old less Rapture swell'd,

With the feign'd God whole tenanted, than gives

One single Beam my Soul. — Due Orison

And grateful Laud to the ENTHRON'D on High,

Whose Presence, wide, immensurable, fills

Boundless Infinity, nor *Void* admits;

Grand King of Ages, Wise, Immortal, nor

To mortal Ken, accessible, enrob'd

With

Sater.] One of the Idol-Gods of our Heathen Saxon Ancestors, from whom our *Sater-day* has its Denomination, that being the Day stated for worshipping of him, as Sunday and Monday were in like manner for the *Sun* and *Moon*, and Tuesday, Wednesday, &c. for *Tuisco*, *Woden*, *Thor*, and *Friga*. The Image of *Sater*, being dress'd in a long Coat, was girded with a white Linnen Towel, which with the Wind streamed from him, thereby signifying the Saxons Freedom. *Vesteg.* Chap. 3.

With Glory uncreate beyond Approach !
 From whose ineffable Effulgence sprung
 The genial Splendour, (squalid Darkness all
 With H I M compar'd, *Let there be Light !* who said,
 And Brightness lacquer'd straight the vast Obscure,
 E'er learn'd its Orb to roll) let me devout,
 Tho' solitary wand'ring, low perform !
 Devoir perform : — But cease, unhallow'd Muse.
 The holy dread Sublimity to tempt.
 Shall less than Wind-puff'd Dust presumptuous aim
 To sing J E H O V A H ? Leave th' unfathom'd
 Theme

To Blest'd *Uranian* PARACLETE DIVINE,
 Who gave the *Hebrews* Guide harmonious Pow'r
 To suscite of Mighty Things dead Fame
 Hears'd in Oblivion, and th' high Birth of Worlds
 To chaunt, when raging War of Chaos heard
 Almighty Metre in the *FIAT* ring !
 Leave the Eternal Argument to Him
 The Royal Bard of *Israel's* Lyre who strung ;
 Up-bearing E S A Y's Third-Heav'n Flight secure,
 Where never Ethnic *Pegasus* could soar;

Who

Who with melodious Fury fir'd the Breast
 Of YOUNG, to trumpet in all-rouzing Notes
 The Last Momentous *Æra*, TIME'S Decease,
 Tuneful Apocalypse! sweet awful Clang!
 Who wafts in sacred Rapture WATTS'S Soul
 Above the Stars, the Angel Strains to learn;
 To FISHER dictates and the nervous Hymn
 Psalmoudous Seraphim which tasks to set
 To equal Tune, who big Theorbo's twang,
 Sonorous Organs dulcet Thunder blasting,
 Conjunct to aid their ineffectual Voice.
 Yield, my *terrestrial*, to the *Heav'nly Muse*
 Whom PEARSE, *Jessides'* Lyric Offspring, ne'er
 Address'd in vain; nor numerous SUMMISTER
 Unheard invok'd; nor (last tho' nam'd, in Praise
 Not last) will e'er her favour'd HUGO'S Call
 Slightly attend: Permit th' advent'rous Lay!

YET deign, CELESTIAL DOVE! this gloomy
 Cell,
 This lorn unworthy Bosom, deign to fill,
 Tho' vile Pollutions long, too long, have driv'n

Thee

Thee griev'd from thence, garnish'd to entertain
 Infernal Guests, fir'd Lusts and Thoughts impure :
 But, rinsed by the fair Sin-purging Stream,
 May yet (Oh ! be it thus !) the Seat become
 Where thou, all-gracious, may'st delight to dwell.
 My suppliant Ardour now benign receive,
 Propitious to the humble Verse sincere.

BUT, — Grief to say ! — the Consecrated Floor
 By *Lectors* Four abominable trod,
 Gown'd *Bums Pretorian*, should'ring Argent Club,
 (As congregated Hosts of God, envail'd,
 Erst prostrate 'fore the EVERLASTING AM
 Blissful Hosannahs hymning, *Satan* found
 'Midst the ætherial Preace) if haply I
 Perceive, a sudden Horror glooms, methinks,
 The lucid Dome, the holy Temple seems
 A Synagogue of Fiends : Bright *Sion's Mount*
 Whose Presence curst to *Hinnom's* ghastly Vale
 Transforms. — Nor th' ample Litany's Extent
 For me apt Suit contains, in melting Phrase
 One more disast'rous than the general File
 Of Evils unsupply'd to deprecate ;

H

Than

Than *Battle, Murder, and repentine Death*
 More dreadful, or wide-rav'ning *Plague, or Sword*
 Thirsty tho' drent in *Gore, or Famine sharp*
 Corroding to the Bone. Still needs the *Pray'r*
 Compendious, *From dire CATCHPOLE's wringing Vice*
And JAILOR's Wangs Cerberean save, good Heav'n!
 — Or dare I at the *Mystic Banquet kneel,*
 (*Where Faithful Guests, partaking Bread of Life,*
Drink Immortality: absurdly feign'd
To crown the Bowls of frantick Bacchanals,
Who swallow glib twofold Perdition down.)
 While *Spy,* to fiery *Moloch* *Germain,* nor
 Less meditating *Blood, affrights, when-e'er*
 The *Sacerdotal Robe* presents, my *View?*
Starling Idea! from my palsied *Lip*
 The *Eucharistic Goblet* sure would fall,
 Shedding the *precious Drops,* and I in *Type*
 The *Jewish Crime* on *Calvary* repeat.

C O M.

Spy.] This *Spy*, who is famous among the *Bailiffs* and their
Masters for *Courage, Force, and Stratagem*, I receiv'd authen-
 tick Advice from divers *Quarters*, had propos'd to have visited
 me, (a *Wolf* in the *Shepherd's Dress*) in the *Habit* of a *Cler-*
gyman, on Pretence of having a *Book* to print. — But 'twas as
 well for himself as me, perhaps, that his *Design* was blown.

COMMUNION hence with *Man* I shun, more free
 Converse perhaps with *Heav'n* enjoy. — But could
 On its revolving Spheres my earnest Word
 Like *Josbua's* but prevail, how motionless
 The Car of Light should stand, how fix'd the Hours,
 Of ev'ry Clock the Wheels how clogg'd! But oh!
 Large-stretching gallop the flame-snorting Steeds,
 And PHOEBE, TUISCO, WODEN, THOR, and She
 Who *Venus'* Day usurps hight FRIGA, claim
 Their Turns of irksome Rule prophane: That 'till
 The SUN true *Sabbath* brings, pleas'd I'd exchange
 Clearest Meridian Blaze for sullen Night
 In *Thule's* Coast extreme, where Winter reigns
 With unappeas'd Rigour; *Thule*, as
 Impervious once to foreign Keels, now free
 From Seizure of wild Native Bucaniers
 Which scour these sunny Realms: Her candid Bears
 More gentle lac'rate, with such crushing Hugs
 Nor squeeze their Prey. Yea, might the *Paphian Fowl*
 H 2 With

How motionless, &c.] Let Prose Astronomers, &c. take Notice,
 that Poets are not confined to the *Copernican* or *Newtonian* Schemes,
 any a more than was the Son of *Nun*, when he said, *Sun stand*
still. *Paphian Fowl.]* The Dove.

With Wings me furnish, straight *Campania's* Lake,
 Deadly to Flight, to peep where *Phæbus* ne'er
 Presumes, I'd rather seek than 'neath his Eye
 Detection trembling risque. — Since pitchy Dusk
 Less Hazard brings, (tho' from beleaguer'd Mind
 By Armies of Axiety small Relief!)

A Glimpse shot twinkling from Above sore thrills
 My Visual Nerves; ah! serving to disclose
 Insidious *Goths* in Wait. And thus more shocks
 My righteous Mind Rush *Taper's* sickly Gleam
 Than Heav'n's Artillery, with deaf'ning Burst
 Shocking the Poles, and wide o'er th' Atmosphere
 Diffusing swift accended Sulphurs, could
Nero's dissolved, *Nero's* conscious Soul.

ALCITHOE, industrious Spinster, (erst
 Turn'd *Bat* amphibious, winged Mouse) crawls forth
 From sleepy Lodge, membranous Pennons low
 And plys in Twilight, flutt'ring thro' the Street
 Frequented, and the Vesper Breeze enjoys;
 Hears resonant Tattoo, which trem'lous Pulse
 Quinquupartite *Bellona's* Sons obey
 Indignant: But *she* awful Drum contemns,

As

As erst at *Thebes* the furious Beat nor dreads
 Of *Bacchic Orgia*. And his long-shak'd Note
 Make-bate *Ascalaphus* tunes loud in Barn
 Or Linney, rowling ample Eyes; nor fears
 Night's angry Goddess, half below detain'd
 For cropping interdicted Fruit. But Me
 Doom'd the shrewd Destines the Lot to wish
 Of these so despicable Breeds, who ne'er
 In Fresco ambulate, thro' Mural Rift
 To snuff nor Ev'ning Breeze presume, and scarce
 Soft Chide dare whisper to offending Cur.
 And might but vap'rous Night adult safe grant
 Blue misty Gust thro' Chimney-Soot by Stealth
 To suck, th' insinuating Pestilence
 T' imbibe I'd venture for a fresh'ning Gasp.

THE purblind Mole, laborious Pionier,
 (When *Iris*, on her various opal Arch,
 Bright as her Queen, taps the black dropfy'd Cloud,
 Shedding Humidity, the Earth, combin'd

By

Ascalaphus.] The Owl. For the Things referred to, or hinted
 at consult the Poetical History.

By parching Drought, relaxing) oft pursues
 His reptile Game, affecting liberal Air,
 In am'rous Pleasance splic'd with willing She,
 Dissolv'd in Slumber, thro' the yielding Glebe :
 A glimm'ring Ray but soon's his Optick strikes, —
 (Of watchful Foes malicious Skill appris'd
 And their exital Engines) — quick he delves
 With callous Snout, and shov'ling ample Paws,
 Sweeping with brushy Tail, Retreat occult.
 Like him I trepid flee what Solace brings
 To most, whose Absence all deplore, First-born
 Of fair Creation, glorious DAY! by Bards
 Despairing Dawn saluted! — Tho' in Shade
 Nocturnal ever-instant Danger haunts
 My Phantasy, and visionary BUMS
 (As Goblins light-head Sick, who Mercy crave,
 Yet wrathful Doom expect) environ thick
 My restless Bed ; by *Morpheus'* Hand ne'er made,
 Which drowsy Force of Poppy's milky Sap,
 And groaning Mandrake's soporiferous Juice,
 But ridicules. Not *Rest*, but slumb'ring Doze,
 By twitching Starts and Dreams terrific broke,

And

And sweaty Tossings, Lift'ning and intense,
 My *wrong-nam'd* Dortoir knows. My wild Conceit
 In horrid Gambol grotesque Furies seize
 (Such seem these worse than Corsairs *Tripoline*) ;
 Black Troops of *Phlegeton*, *Plutonian* Slaves
 Who sulphurous Fuel tend, with wizzing Prongs,
 The blue-flam'd Cauldrons stirring, as if sent
 By *Demogorgon's* Pow'r to tease, now hurl
 Me from the Summit of some craggy Bourn,
 Where *Scylla's* Kennel with voracious Mouths
 Incessant foaming growl : Like Grypes now snap'd
 Grasp'd in their Ctees me lift, and headlong plunge
 In whirl'd Combustion-Floods, or dire Profund
 Of Darkness palpable. — In *VALGLIN's* Den
 Me finds the shifted Scene, (*Of Ghosts the Vale*
To Thought less terrible !) with Shackles huge
 Compress'd weigh'd down. Foul *Night-Jade* then,
 yclad

Like Minister of Torture, *PORTER* hight,
 Mac'd with enormous Key, (*The strangling Mute,*
Prentic'd in Trade of Fate, with Bow-string arm'd,
His deadly Part less welling acts.) methinks,

Squat-

Squatting my Chest o'erlays. Such pond'rous Bulk
 Beneath *Trinacraean* Mount *Typhæus* bears,
 More free respiring. Vain I feeble writhe,
 For Aid and gasping strive to bawl; but hear
 Scarce my own fault'ring Voice. Faint groaning long
 The Load I struggle to dismount, the Hag
 To pinch assaying; horny Forfex draws
 But my own wat'ry Blood: With hideous Scream
 To jump the Beldame from her Pannel seems,
 And with asthmatick Catch for Breath retir'd
 And Sobs abrupt I wake. — Tir'd *Reason* yet
 Her drowsy Hour prolongs. Fell *Death-watch*, Worm
 Knell funebrous predicting, now by Fits
 Her doleful Click repeats; and Squeek of Mouse,
 Vile dung-born *Scarabæus*' hateful Buzz,
 With *Skreech-Owl*'s Strain infaustous join'd, presage
 Approaching Evil. PAN then Cornet winds

Hor-

Pan.] The Word *Pannick* (as *pannick Fear*) is deriv'd from *Pan*, a fictitious Deity of the Woods among the ancient Ethnicks. I find in a Learned Latin Writer of a former Age, who quotes it from the Grecian *Pollan*'s Stratagems, that the Reason is founded on the following Fact. *Pan* invented the Use of *Horns* as Warlike Instruments. He being a Chief Leader in *Bacchus*'s Army, when on a certain Time some Scouts, who were sent to reconoitre, return'd with Intelligence, that the Enemy was encamped in another Part of

Horrisfontant ; and Tremblings, strong as seiz'd
Belfazzar, or the *Ask'lonites* who fled
 From *Saul's* brave Son heading his single Squire
 [*Opposeless Host ! their Angel-guided Strokes*
Heav'n's Conquest edging], or scar'd *Syrians* 'fore
Samaria's Walls, or *Brennus' Army* since
 At *Delphos*, — scatters o'er my Limbs, despoil'd
 Of Vital Warmth, unfinew'd and imbrued
 With gelid Damp. Each Gust seems to resound,
 At *VALGLIN's Suit ! — Curs'd Name ! — Perch'd*
Chaunticleer,

On Watch, At cruel *VALGLIN's Suit !* rejoins,
 By ev'ry Mattin Trumpet echo'd round
 The silent Region, which reverberates
 The hideous shrill Allarm. The frightful Yells
 My *Cranium* pierce, and settle in my Brain,
 Unbarring Oc'lar Casements (*Of whole Nights*

I

Like

the Wood where he was lodg'd, he gave Order to his Forces
 conjointly to shout as loud as possible ; which being perform'd,
 with Winding of Horns, &c. the sudden unexpected Cry, multi-
 plied by the Caverns and hollow Places, struck such Terror in
 to the Enemy, that they fled with utmost Precipitation. From
 hence *Alciatus* gives us an Emblem on sudden Terror, thus,

Effuso cernens fugientes agmine turmas,

Quis mea nunc inflat cornua ? Faunus ait.

Like Hares, or Corybantes Infant Jove
 Watching, in Bed unclos'd) what dreadful Forms
 Of licens'd Banditti, in deep Array,
 By th' IDE Nab-Gen'ral led, methinks, present
 Their Cloaks protended for Attack ! — At first
 My Blood cold stagnates, as tho' mingled Styx
 Congeal'd the Stream, hard-cruddling in its Flow ;
 Then hurry'ng to the opposite Extream,
 I shrink and swelter 'neath the reeking Sheets,
 Stewing amidst Variety of Steam,
 A medley Funk ! emitted thro' each Pore
 And wider Portal. Loathsome Bagnio ! worse
 Than odious Sweating-Cask of Quack, wherein
 Venus of Naples, or of France, was wont
 Well-powder'd thus to parboil ! --- Long I soak,
 Confus'd projecting Escapade, in Dread
 Like frowfy Reynard left Explosion rank
 To th' scenting Beagles should betray ; yet with
 By Naso's Art to Bonafus or Squunk
 Me chang'd, foul Chaos and tempestuous Crack
 Of Bowels to let fly (as blust'ring loud
 As *Aeolus* forth from streight Cavern drives
 Unbridled

Unbridled *Boreas*, *Auster*-like and throw
 A scumm'ring Whirlwind, with more horrid Fume
 Than Conj'ring *Toby's* broil'd Fish gave, to *Nile*,
 Of salt Itch cur'd, which queasy Demon stunk),
 T' annoy and suffocate with pois'nous Smoke
 Th' imaginary Hunters. Or, for once,
Lycaon's Metamorphosis of *Jove*
 I crave; that bushy Tail with fetid Stale
 (*Orion's* Tripple Sire) immerst, hot Flood
 More forcible than *Atlas Gulliver*
 On flaming *Lilliputian White-ball* ply'd
 With Water-Engine, or the chaffing Surge
 Dashes the Cliff, full in the Eyes might firt
 Of the damn'd Poachers. Veiny scarlet Brook
 I'd barter for the *Cuttle's* inky Blood,
 Within effused Dusk t' abscond. Or might
Neptune my Vow propitious hear, would soon
 The slow *Torpedo's* wond'rous Venom fill

I 2

My

Lycaon's Metamorphosis.] *Lycaon* was chang'd by *Jupiter* into a Wolf, the Custom of which Creature, when hard beset, is to shed his Urine on his Tail, and therewith dash it into his Enemies Eyes. [*Orion's threefold Sire.*] *Orion* is feign'd to have been generated from the Urine of *Jupiter*, *Mercury*, and *Neptune*, mingled together, and buried in an Ox's Hide, taking his Name from the Greek Word *Ouron*, which signifies Urine.

My Corple, with tort'ring Cramp, or deadly Num
Incurable, to strike the Touch prophane.

— Still vain Escape I meditate, depriv'd
E'en of a Jakes Retreat, whose foul Abyſs,
Like Duck in Pond dapping from Spaniel's Snap,
How glad I'd riſque to fathom! —

— But at length, —

(A tim'rous Hind thus Sportsmen ſee at Bay,
Or persecuted Cat, with worrying Jaws
Beſet, the ireful Fortitude aſſume
Of the magnanimous ſtout Salvage King)
With Valour by Deſpair inspir'd, I ſpring
A new *Alcides*, or unſhorn of Strength
A roused *Sampſon*, from th' obſeſſed Couch;
Grasp dext'rous ſlicing Faulchion, truſty Edge,
Oppoſeleſs as *Æneas*' Blade, tho' wrought
On Anvil not immortal; Petronel
Arming my Hand Sinifter, fatal Doſe
Of Pills *ſaturnine* which o'er Night had gorg'd,
From

Æneas Blade.] *Virgil*, *Æneid*. lib. 12. Ver. 90. tells us his Hero's
Sword was forg'd by *Vulcan*, which (Ver. 740.) broke that of
Turnus (which he calls *mortalis mucro*) into Pieces.

From up its loaden Paunch prompt to discharge
 (Dreadful Emetick !) sulphur'd nitrous Grain
 With horrid Groan. *One Mean of Safety still*
None to expect ! Let recreant Craven Bonds
 By Yielding merit : Durels *Me* ne'er shall
 (So *Mars* and *Pallas* aid, and Goddess thou,
Feronia, more invok'd !) resistless hold
 Or unreveng'd. Prowess less fiery thrust
 Enrag'd *Achilles* on the *Dardan* Troops,
 When Friendship from *Patroclus*' mouth'd Wounds
 Cry'd *Vengeful Havock !* than wherewith I rush
 On mock Engagement with the Shadow Preace
 For LIBERTY, Great LIBERTY ! the Fight
 Not at *Pharsalia* CATO'S Arm maintain'd
 So doughty, on *Philippi's* Plain nor fell
 Like frequent or puissant Blows from Hand
 Of BRUTUS, as mine trenchant Sabre wields.

EACH Second clangs a Stroke ; each Stroke abroad
 Sets Gash immedicable, and defies
 The salutif'rous Herb, or *Panacees*,

Or

Feronia.] The Goddess of Liberty.

Or *Cretan* Dittany; and ev'ry Gash
 A nimble Death admits. So quick descends
 The mortal Tempest, scarce were justly sung
An One Foe dropp'd! Hell's griesly Bargeman stares,
 Anch'ring in middle *Stryx*; the crowded Strand
 With Wonder views; an universal Camp
 Deeming at once cut off; and chuffly smiles
 The *Manes* to observe contentious first,
 Whilom as wing'd-heel Racers strove, to gain
 The deadly Beach, and foremost prove his Fare.

Now falls an Arm, the sacrilegious Arm,
 'Gainst me extended: Back two-handed Slash
 Lops sheer an Head, devolving: Mighty Chop
 Continued to the Waist a Shoulder cleaves,
 Or Scull erect divides. By fell Edge now
 Grim Battle rages; now the lusty War
 Storms on the Point. O FREEDOM! sacred Name!
 By Gods themselves ador'd, What Sacrifice
 To Thee I pay! Suffice nor Hecatombs,
 'Till ev'ry full-cloy'd waiting Vulture pukes
 With Surfeit on the Offal. Dreadful brays

The

his
tho
Par
him

The Clash of Arms with Screams confus'd, and
Groans

Expiring with their Ventrers. Hideous looks
To the base-mettled Bums, veil'd tho' in Clouds,
Such Face of Conflict: but to Me how sweet,
How beautiful the lovely Horrour shews!
Deeds as at *Granicus* had *Ammon's* Pause
In midst of Conquest charm'd, bent on the Lore
Of errless Foin and Limb-amputing Swinge,
To his sham'd listless Veterans Retreat
Causing to sound, (*in Fancy*) I atchieve.
Brisk Vigour trebbles with the Toil; and seems
Invulnerable as *Pelides'* Flesh my Skin;
Yea, with *impenetrable Heel* I durst
Kick blunt the Jav'lin's Thrust, or fated Shaft
From *Paris'* vengeful Bow. Swell'd with the God
Of Rage a Thousand *English* Hearts I feel
Within my Bosom fir'd. Of Heroes Ay
Sav'd by *Calliope* from Death Me Sole

I

Impenetrable Heel.] *Achilles* is said in his Infancy to be dipp'd by his Mother *Thetis* in the River *Styx*, to render him invulnerable; tho' he's storied to have receiv'd his Death, by an Arrow shot by *Paris*, in the Foot, which, being the Part whereby his Mother held him, escap'd unting'd.

I deem an Army, for the *Persian* Brave
 And 's River-draining Millions Over-match.
 Not vast *Briareus* with Twice Fifty Hands,
 Celestial Mutiny who quash'd, and drew
Nichor Divine from Veins Immortal, Strokes
 Rain'd plenteous as my One robust Arm.

REDOUBLING th' adverse Rabble grow, as if
 Reap'd burgeoning Heads of *Lerna* Monster; thick
 On Massacre but press. Oh! for the Boon
 Vow'd erst by *Roman* Tyrant, (monstr'ous Thirst
 For Blood of Innocence Him urging, Me
 But Peace and Goodwill to oppress'd Mankind)
 The whole *Sabeen* Brood spread swarming o'er
 Our desolated Isle, their Necks in one
 Conjoin'd, now bow'd 'neath my descending Sword!

SLUIC'D Veins an Ocean yield, and Surges black
 Reek o'er the large Defeat, whose Torrent strong
 My sturdy Tread o'erthrows. *Antaus* like,
 By Fall yet Strength recruiting, fiercer still
 I to the Combat rise. Here weltring Routs

To

To Demons their due Souls resign : Hew'd down
Some *Quarter* ! gasp to utter, off whose Swarths
With Half the Accents fly. Congested now,
As tho' the Jaw-bone Sword renown'd my Hand,
Nerv'd with no Human Vertue, exercis'd,
Slain Foes a Rampart form. Th' Advantage yet
I scorn ; o'er the high Slaughter Lion-like
Bounding, fresh Havock to the firmest Ranks
And carry. Easier than the tender Shear
Of grassy Harvest th' hellish Caitiffs drop,
In full Cry recreant ; that th' illustrious Fight
But *Execution* seems. For Do-o G, Chief,
Curst Aga of the black *tartarean Gang*,
My Eye enquires ; full resolute to cram,
With his own Magic Wand, (tyrannic sway'd
At Fatal Tree !) *Sh'riff-Scrolls*, with horrid Spell
Importing Thrall inscrib'd, his blood-furr'd Gorge.
With haggard Cheeks he trembles pale, quick Way
And elbows thro' his thronging *Myrmidons*,
Safety in Flight (by Vengeance dogg'd) to seek.
Their dastard Leader's Steps the remnant Crew
Speed to o'er-pace (or seeming speed), and leave
Their Compeers vile baptiz'd in mingled Gore.

HARD by the Dome of 'G O D (where *Bacchus* yet
 Keeps Office, and with 'Rullt besmear'd tir'd *Mars*
 In Garret dormant lies) for 'Guzzling us'd
 Than Sacred Lecture more devout, within
 The mould'ring Walls of once-fam'd 'Citadel,
 Of *Saxon* Royalty the stately Sear,
 On Diamond-bowel'd *Rugemont's* Summit firm,
 In Yore which 'Rome's Cornubian Leaguer aw'd,—
 (Where Lungs obstrep'rous twofold Baitings vie,
 Tribunal Roof or the aerial Cope
 To rend ; and Gowned Towzer teller Wangs
 Than thund'ring *Ball*, nor less impetuous *Pluck*,
 Dispands)— or *Hockley* Area, thus we've view'd,
 When

Hard by the Dome.] As Notes for this whole Paragraph take the following Account. The Castle of *Exon*, which was the Sear of the *West Saxon* Kings, is situated on an Hill call'd *Rugemont*, from out of which I, when a Boy, with others of my Play-fellows, us'd to dig Clusters of brighr Stones much like those of *Bristol*, variously shap'd, and some of 'em curiously squar'd. Tho' the Walls are more and more falling to Decay, it has stood divers memorable Sieges, particularly that which I hint at of the Popish Rebels of *Cornwal* in the Reign of *Edward* the 6th. Here are held the Assizes and Sessions of the Peace for the County of *Devon*: And here also are frequent Bull-baitings. Within the same is a Chapel, wherein at the said Sessions are Prayers perform'd, &c. But One End of which Edifice is made use of as a Drinking-Place, (being the only consecrated Tavern perhaps in *England*) and in a Loft of the same lie rusting an Heap of old Helmets, Cuirasses, &c. suppos'd to have been by the Garrison, &c. worn in Ancient Days,

When the chaff'd Bull, connecting curled Front,
 With maiming Toss or goring Push has laid
 Breathless the scatter'd Mastives, *British*-strain'd,
 (Whose untam'd Fierceness and tenacious Fangs
Molossia's Breed ne'er equaliz'd) with Tail
 Inverted close each conscious *Mungril* flinks
 Behind th' orbic'lar Tumult ; loud Acclaim
 Where *Shamble-Champions* mouth, greas'd Gambrils list,
 And, heavy skipping, Hats more tallow'd wave.

To ev'ry Fantom Varlet thus my Blade
 Deals Fate, or routs : And disembowel'd Bolts
 With Lightning fledg'd the scamp'ring War pursue.
 Forc'd by the *West* as erst, their Type, dire Plague
 Of less-devouring Locusts *Pharian* Meads
 Quitted, to sink beneath the red-shor'd Wave ;
 Or, driv'n by rapid Wind-blast, from the Floor
 As flies the Flail-beat Chaff, in choaking Dyke
 Or turbid Pool on travell'd Way to fall ; —
 With counterfeited Thunder — (which by far
Salmonius' rumbling Wheels out-clamours) — struck,
 The Cloud-form'd Rereward tumble prone, and lie
 Gnawing the Earth, and leak their sick despairing
 Souls.

So, (*Britain's Great Virgilius Homer sings*)
 If Deeds Celestial we to Dreams Terrene
 Might liken, nor be deem'd the Muse prophane,
 From azure Campaign when th' Apostate Rout
 (In-dwelling now our *Nabbing Arabs*) driv'n
 By Heav'n's superiour Prowess, leap'd in Crowds
 Precipitant thro' th' op'ning Battlements,
 The griding Sword to shun, flame-winged Shafts,
 Roaring Almighty Ire, their Flight o'ertook,
 And them confounded sent transfix'd to Hell.

When with intestine Uproar *Ætna* groans
 Flammivomant, while fierce Combustion wrecks
 Her sulph'rous Intrails, lustant fiery Winds
 Convulse her Bowels, and Succussions dire
 To Flight warn swiftest Feet, — (belch'd glomerant
 Blasts

In Smoaky Eddies whirl aloft the Rocks
 Torn from the Centre, Globes of rapid Flame,
 And scorching Embers, threat'ning *Saturn's* World
 And all his *Guards* with War;) the rattling Cloud

More

Virgilius Homer.] I mean *Milton*, alluding to a Passage in his
Paradise Lost. And all his *Guards.*] His *Satellites.*

More fleet prevents them, and vast smouldry Floods
 Of dusty Rain, and Show'rs of igneous Hail,
 Horrific Tempest ! pours impetuous down.
 In vain the lab'ring Fugitives eschew'd
 Near-burning Vomit, by th' extensive Storm
 Out-stripp'd : Blind with the thicken'd Hurricane,
 And throttled with the smoth'ring Air, they sink
 Beneath the ashy Ruin deep in-grav'd.

THUS fall or disappear my airy Foes. —
 ' Ye Coward Villains ! ' — (*as if PATRON SAINT*
Danc'd in my Bosom, with triumphant Shout,
Exulting then I cry.) — ' Turn, Dastards vile,
 ' In Squadrons rally : Naked I'll engage
 ' A train'd imbattled Phalanx, dight in Steel
 ' Compleat, with Brazen Cataphracts ribb'd o'er,
 ' Best Skill of *Mulciber*, the Maile who forg'd
 ' Dintless for *Thetis*' Care : You I'll oppose
 ' Firm as th' *Heclorean* Mighty Brave sustain'd
 ' Tempestuous *Argive* Rage united, or

The

Patron Saint.] *St. George*, the Tutelar Saint of *England*.
Trojan Worthiest.] *Hector*.

- The Mightier *English* Demi-God of War
- CHURCHILL! to whom *Saturnius* gave his Flame
- Which fell'd the *Tiars*! — [*Still to check referu'd*
- Iberian Haughtiness, the Pens and finge*
- Of the presumptuous Eagle, which Mid Air*
- Disdain'd, the Orient Sun and soaring near,*
- From Albion's Coast would intercept the Rays.*] —
- CHURCHILL! in ANNA's Auspice who repell'd
- On *Blenheim* Fields late *Gallic Nimrod's* Chace!
- CHURCHILL! whose dooming Beck the *Parca*
- ey'd
- Obsequious, and Five Hundred Threads at once
- Held to his cutting Blade; and bellowing DEATH,
- (Forestalling TIME, his pale Horse crimson dy'd)
- Directed by his Truncheon, rang'd the Plain,
- With fiery Scythe wide-mowing, at a Sweep
- Brigades entire shear'd down, and throng'd the Warf
- Of the irremiable Lake with Shades,
- Twice Fifty Zodiacks Waftage which implore,
- Whose foordless Blood delug'd wide *Danube's* Banks,
- And rotting Carcasses manur'd the Soil.

IN haughty Voice Thraſonic *Turnus* thus,
 Condens'd Air form'd by *Lucina's* Pow'r
 Deeming his routed Foe, reproach'd a Cloud,
 And Conquest swagger'd o'er a chousing Shade.

— BUT where enthusiastic am I hurl'd?
Delirium, Brat by ſleepleſs Grief on Hours
 Infomnious gender'd, why *Almanſor's* thou
 My broken 'Fear-grip'd Soul? Illuſions hence!
 Mock'd to Deſtruction nor me farther urge!
 —Or rather, friendly Madneſs, quick return
 My Grief to ſooth; hurl'd in thy Arms alone
 Lies huſh'd my Terror: Vanish'd thou leav'ſt Room
 For Reaſon's Envy; and ſhort Intervals
 Of bleſſed Lunacy but more enhance
 Quick Senſe of Wakeful Sorrow, large the Spoil
 Of my tudibrious *Sciamachy*
 Displaying, and its recent diſmal Waſte.

FOR (like feign'd meagre, frantick, Hoſt-dubb'd
 Knight
 Of *Mancha* Mill-Pneumatic tilting fierce,
 Or

Turnus,] See *Virg.* lib. 10. ver. 644, &c.]

Or burley * Hero *Sew'nfold Targe* who bore,
 With Choler furibund, vindictive Steel
 Plunging in Brutal Gore ; its mortal Sharp
 Against the † Chiefs *Achaean* blindly aim'd,
 Successless, tho' more justly) whilst I cope
 Bailiffs chimerical, sedg'd feeble Chairs,
 Disjointed Stool, Table with Rickets maim'd,
 I wound ; craz'd Horologe, and crippled Chest
 Of Oak, with curious Sculpture deck'd -- (in Yore
 Where lodg'd *Pomona* snug in *Ceres'* Arms
 Incircled (*So sweet Apple-Tart to phrase*
Delights the Verse) ; ah ! now sad hollow Groan,
 Like Wooden Steed struck with *Laocoon's* Dart,
 Its musty Void at ev'ry Bang emits !) —
 In Splinters riving ; Utensil of Loam
 With golden Verdure glaz'd, by Rustic styl'd
 Green Jourden, in blind Heat o'erthrow, and quite
 Demolish ; whence foul Inundation rolls,
 (Fondly for Blood mistook !) whose stemless Force
 Sweeps off my Footing. Nor ends here the Wreck
 By mad Encounter. Bellows, erst of Nose
 Depriv'd, scarce snuffling broken Wind, stump'd Broom,
 Brick-

* *Ajax.*† *Agamemnon, Menelaus, &c.*

Brick-Andogs, quenched Brands (frustrated Thrift!)
 From Flames devouring pluck'd, the gen'ral Lot
 Destroys; and treasur'd Embers, which (as said
 In fabulous *Araby* the Single Bird
 From Dust of burned Ancestor Death-born)
 A new Fascine might have produc'd, around
 The delug'd Floor I dash: Prints, auburn fum'd,
 (Which Feats of antique Warriours celebrate;
 Or Tale rehearse, in dismal Rhyme, of Love's
 Mournful Catastrophe; or troll the Praise,
 With *down-a-down*, in jocund Roundelay,
 Of Female Wit and politick Intrigue)
 Yield to my hacking Fury. *Douglass* brave,
 Stout *Piercy*, *Withrington's* dismember'd Trunk,
 Whose Case in *Dumps* I wail! and many a Lad
 Of muckel Valour, in Effigie black,
 Renew'd Destruction feel. Sweet Orphan Pair
 In Wood *Norfolcian* (ah! the dire Misdeed!)
 Dissection rough in Leafy Tomb sustain;
 Nor, gentle *Ruddock*, 'scape thy hov'ring Plumes.
 Poor *Bateman*, dangling in Suspension, Stabs
 Repeated takes, tho' from stiff frozen Veins
 L Gushes

Corroded deep, on Nail rubiginous
 'Gainst Web-hung Ceiling pendent. Guerdon ill
 For Service long prov'd faithful! — Luckless Hand!
 Th' important Loss disabled to repair!

THUS stag'ring Pillars of the Realm, whom Men
 Call *Mob*, from *Representative's* Debauch,
 Meed of Election! — (where familiar 'Squire
 Obsequious to the sturdy *Gentle-Craft*
 Gives Place, nor with embroider'd Sleeve disdains
 To wipe embracing bluff Hog-Slaught'rer's Grease,
 By Porter's Whiff perfum'd, — and, toasted while
 Is Crown or Mitre, Self-Confusion's quaff'd) —
 With Grandeur Fumes of elevating Juice,
 Enthron'd in Sconce, reel *Cæsar*'d-up I've seen;
 Blund'ring on Post squelsh Guts surcharg'd; then on
 Th' affronting Tree, disgorging Dose, expend
 Puissance; (Vaunting like th' Imperial Rake
 Of *Rome*, the Sea who battled erst, and bore,
 Triumphant, Shells and Pebble Trophies home)
 With choppy Knuckles grappling close the Foe
 Suppos'd, whilst Saint-Day Garb vile Up-cast drinks,

And skinless Joints and clotty Stain next Sun
Upbraid their darkling Errour, and to rue
Pot-Valour, fatal to itself, shew Cause.

So dismal wear my *safer* Hours, when on
The griesly Hemisphere incumbent Night,
With swarthy Wings out-spread, me best protects,
But not from drooping Melancholy guards.
Oh! distant from the solid Bliss of Thought
Contemplative on *Northern Terrace*, where
Each rev'rend conscious Elm in FREEDOM'S Path
My Steps could erst attest; sole nor with Self
Conversant, while th' un-ruffled Muse receiv'd
My Nightly Vow, and quer'lous *Philomel*
Took Solace at my Song; nor on'nous Croak
Of Crow raucifonous, nor trembling Hoot
From sage *Minerva's* inauspicious Bird,
Concerting, e'er the Change (Oh! direful Change!)
Foretold of Note; nor surging Turbulence
And stormy Fears threaten'd my Calm secure.

ATTEN-

Northern Terrace.] There are two Walks, especially the first-nam'd, extremely pleasant and fill'd with refreshing Air, half encompassing the City, call'd *Northern-bay* and *Southern-bay*. My Delight in Walking here alone in Depth of Night was literally true.

ATTENDANT Lunar Orb, whose ambient Rage)
 In menstr'al Course this Mundane Fabrick yields
 A mimick'd cooler Day; and, tho' opaque,
 Brightly array'd in pale reflected Shine,
 The Absence of the Central Beams supply't!
 Eximious Arbitress of Time serene,
 The sullen Gloom whose lent Refulgence gilds,
 On Horrour's Cheek and smiling Beauty paints!
 Who rulest Ocean's furious Rage, ascrib'd
 Falsly t' instable Neptune feign'd; nor o'er
 The Human Chosmos less thy Reign, which owns
 Sure Influence of thy variant Form, and low
 Stoops to thy Wane, thy Crescence and obeys!
 Ye countless Lamps Heav'n's saphire Arch which
 And vibrate quick coruscant golden Streams,
 That thro' the vast Expanse your Posts unmov'd
 Maintain, or constant in wide Orbits wheel,
 Meting the Seasons, and the various Sail
 Of errant Navies on the fluid Wild
 Trackless direct; whom wakeful Mariners
 Survey, nor anxious ey'd the found'ring Sun;
 (But,

(But, while the Oak scuds tight before the Gale,
 Traverse the Rope-coil'd Deck, the Tarred Shrouds
 Or nimbly climb; of softer Mates ashore
 Mindful, rough chaunting Sonnets in their Praise. —
 Tho' these, regardless of late-plighted Troth,
 Love's Semi-Circle, Guinea's Half or Ring's,
 Less rightful Lovers frequent entertain.)
 Ye vagrant Planets, and ye station'd Signs
 Which Sol still visits in his Annual Tout,
 That sociate sparkle in imagin'd Shape
 Of Man, Brute, Fish, in radiant Flame attir'd,
 Malignant Saturn, frigid Star! and Jove
 Benigner, which sweet-temper'd rul'st the Air!
 Red blust'ring Mars, fomenting Cloudy Broil
 And Sulphurous Conflict! Brilliant Venus, Guide
 Of Seedy Nature! and Cyllenius moist,
 That with Supplies of kindly Drops reconstitutes
 The drained Brook, and languid Flora chears
 With fresh'ning Draught! Thou Aries fleec'd with
 Gold,
 Constellar Prince! and Taurus horn'd with Fire,
 The lucid Hyads dazzling in thy Crest,
 While

While the bright *Pleiades* thy Front adorn!
Ye friendly *Twins*, alternate sharing Death,
And mutual kindling quick Returns of Life!
Thou torrid *Crab*, over whose scorched Hills
Apollo heavy drives, and tiring lags!
And O ye other Zodiac Synagogues
Unnam'd! To YOU, Confederated Spites!
Appeal I dare: My Overthrow why thus
Have ye conspir'd, my Midnight Gaze who gain'd
Short of Adoring? Say, Tyrannic Spheres,
Whence sprung your Ire. How merited have I
Your wrathful Aspects, your united Frowns,
To my behoof that none a Twinkle deigns?
Are Virtues Faults, or Charity grown Sin?
Why else should Men for righteous Deeds renown'd
And godlike Pity hard Injustice wail?
Why has the atheist Worldling Room to dream
The Merciful's abandon'd of the Heav'ns,
(Whose Darling Attribute is Mercy free of Bounds)
A Prey to armed Violence enrag'd?
Shocking Surmise! at which my Spirit quails,
Of Nature gentle as the new-fall'n Lamb,
When

When first in feeble Blear the Dam he moves
 With soothing Tongue her tender Care t' exert
 And Mother Fondness. Soft my temper'd Clay
 In oily Mould was form'd ; my yielding Breast
 By Groans e'er penetrable, yearning Heart
 By coldest Sighs and melted : Feign'd Distress
 Long-since o'er-blown who ne'er could read unmov'd
 And pitiless ; of Sympathy devoid
 Much less see neighb'ring real Woe ; but straight
 Th' infectious Anguish caught my facil Soul.
 From *Bondage Den* Sighs perforating rush'd ;
 Th' oppressive Links, rankling, my proper Limbs
 Encumber'd. While the famish'd Wretch not fed,
 Jamb'd in my Throat the Morsel stuck ; nor found
 My Draught its Passage while the Needy burn
 With Thirst I felt. Each Meal my kindred Poor
 (*SHILOH the Kindred owns*) partaking free.
 Which Wealth improv'd, not Doles bestow'd, I
 deem'd,
 Insur'd on Int'rest Loans and made to GOD.
 Nor Envy drew th' unpity'ng selfish Churl
 Treas'ring his base Damnation ; in th' Abyss

Of

Of boisterous Combustion, molten Dross
As for his flakeless Thirst of Gold prepar'd.

My Errour —[*using current Vogue*]— I spy ; —
In the uncommon Guilt yet deeper plunge ;
To woful Curse of Poesy resign'd,
For Gen'ral Weal unthank'd to plough, and reap
Abundant Ill, of gall-rubb'd Villany
Fierce Hate and threat'ning Wince, basest Neglect
Of Wealthy-Wisdom, and proud Folly's Scoff.

Oh ! too too fortunate white Age of Grace
From *Gold* furnam'd ! to delve the damning Oar
E'er Mortals were condemn'd ; more baneful Plagues
Which scatter'd wide than, Poets feign, dispers'd
The morbid Casket ! Gratulating Smiles
Brighten'd each Cheek, Smiles paragon'd with Truth
In ev'ry Breast ; and Will alone was *Law*,
The Will 'cause *rational*. Promiscuous as
Each Brutal Nation wanton play'd, but wag'd
No Warfare ; arm'd *Rhinoceros* his Horn
Not prov'd in Furrows on th' unwounded Field ;

M

No

No hostile Use nor *Tigers* knew of Claws;
 As docile *Behemoth* then social graz'd
 Close by huge *Serpent* (mortal Foes become),
 And, ludicrous, Proboscis twining round
 His harmless Spear, a venom'd Sting not fear'd;
 No folded Lamb dreading voracious Teeth
 Of prowling Spoiler; gentle *Kid* and paw'd,
 Luxuriant, rugged *Bear*, by Licks caress'd
 Fondling and soft Embrace; and, dreadless, *Hinds*
 Partook with *Pards* the Stream, unwont to flee
 The Ramp of *Lions* thund'ring for the Spoil:—
 —So M A N no impious Masterdom usurp'd
 O'er M A N, nor threw his godlike Nature off.
 No Vult'rous Bill in Brother's Gore he dipp'd,
 Nor, greedier than the Army-feasted Wolves,
 Contentious gnarr'd for o'er-abounding Fare,
 Design'd in Common, shar'd by equal Right.
 No Hireling Oratour, like Dragon fell,
 With Breath destroy'd; Spear'd Quill with baleful
 Ink
 Nor Pettifogger poison'd, rowling deep
 Nightly as 'twere in murder'd Client's Blood.

No

* To take a Rouse is a Phrase us'd by *Shakespear* for drinking Bumpers, &c.

No Jackall Bailiff then purveying roam'd
 For glutt'nous Jailor's large-distended Maw,
 Full cramm'd for Carnage raging, as the Grave
 Infatiate. Then no VALGLIN's Jaws canine
 Scranch'd Debtor's clean-pick'd Bones ; his dreery

Vault

Of *Outer Gloom* undreamt of then ; nor judg'd
 Such Monster could be built, tho' ev'ry Fiend
 (Feign'd Pow'rs Celestial aping, bounteous who
Pandora's Make contributed) should club
 Half their Damnation's Stock, bent to compose
 One POLYKAKON vast, the World and shew
 Throng'd *Pandemonium* in Epitome.

BUT wretched Me, of Conscience pure and strict
 Integrity, of *Iron Days* the Rust
 And deadly Canker gnaw ; ungracious Gold
 In fulgid Piles congested —(O my Hand,
 Its Mischief-breeding Touch, that direst Curse,
 Decline !)— bewitching hapless Eyes, and Hearts
 To ev'ry Crime enforcing ; Slaughter foul,
Iscaiot Perfidy, monstiferous Guilt
 Too horrible for Speech. — Curst Dirt! —

M 2

YET

— YET stay! —

With Tongue licentious nor be GOLD blasphem'd;
Great PElf! DIVINITY of All confess'd,
Whose wond'rous Praise each Language anthems loud
In Rapture! *Israel's* MANUMISING GOD

[In THRALL with righteous Fraud procur'd; from
THRALL

Still potent to deliver!] smart pronounc'd
By their Prime Chosen Pontiff, tho' in Form
Of mugient Animal, with Trotter cleft,
New from the God-Mould calv'd. Cornuted Pow'r
For Pasture-Godheads lowing, *Apis* hight
And stout *Osiris*, Beef Divine! — (t' accept
Or render Holocaust --[*Like Waser-God*

For

Apis, — Osiris, — Pasture Godheads, &c.] *Apis*, *Serapis*, and *Osiris*, are but three different Names of one and the same fictitious Deity. After *Osiris*, a King of *Ægypt*, was murder'd by his Brother *Typhon*, &c. there appear'd a stately beauteous Ox to the *Ægyptians*, which they imagin'd to be *Osiris*; whom they had had in so much Veneration while living, that they consented to worship him in that Shape now dead, or rather as they fondly conceived still presiding over and guarding them as a Deity; giving him thereupon the Name of *Apis*, in their Language signifying Ox. *Pliny*, among other Authors, lib. 8. c. 40. treats of him much. By *Pasture Godheads* I allude to the unaccountable Superstition of these *Ægyptians* in worshipping as Divinities the Leeks, Onions, and Pot-herbs of their Gardens, yea even the common Plants and Grass in their open Fields.

For Food and Worship us'd]-- with low'ring Grace
 Passive) — less worthy Adoration gain'd
 Full-grown than th' Infant Bull; whose beamy Hide,
 E'en to the Sculptor dazzling, *glory'd* forth
 His DEITY. And all the Nations since
Faith Catholick maintain, and zealous rear
 Unnumber'd Altars TO THE WELL-KNOWN GOD!
 The Metail-Jove, which gently drizzling storm'd
 Chaste Danae's Fort, his Thunder that defy'd!
 Omnipotent as the join'd Godship-Rout
 Of past or present Rome, from poorer Mine,
 Quarry, or Grove, whose Birth,— with Brush *Divin'd*
 Or Chissel, or the Baker's sacred Knead,
 And holy Charm of God-creating Priest!

O King of wealthy *Babylonian* Tow'rs,
 Who, wisely conscious of surpassing Worth
 Of GOLD ALMIGHTY, treat didst with Disdain
 Mean Idols, and Imperial Edict pass
 Thy Regions should on bended Knees adore
 Its splendid Influence: — In freakish Mood
 Yet Leash of puritannic Rebels dar'd

(Pre-

(Presumptuous Schismatics !) Conformity
 To scruple ; and for Heresy incurr'd
 Thy zealous Ire, and the Religious Flames
 With saucy Hard'ness stood. To Monarchy
 Were thy revived Dust, as whilom Thou
 From Bestial Grazing, but restor'd, — etern
 Might vain thy Furnace roar : — No stubborn Slave
 Of *Baal* or *Astaroth* ; — not *stiff-neck'd* Race,
 By their own Leader's Marvel-working Rod,
 With magic Serpents stuff'd, (whose potent Sway
 Bound whelming Seas, from liquidated Rocks
 And Rivers drew) terrific brandish'd, aw'd ; —
 Of ev'ry Class, in *David's HOLY SEED*
 Not one who Faith pretends — [*Ah ! fond Pretence*
When Practise discrepant the boasted Faith
To Miscreance converts !] ; — nor Martial SEER
 (Foaming in epileptic Trance inspir'd,
 With Creed Sword-argued, claiming *Abram's* Kin
 Thro' *Ishma'l's* Loins) at *Mecha* who invokes ; —
 Would sceptic boggle, or Dissenter prove,
 Nor ****dotal Mammony would doubt
 Of *Right Divine*. GOLD would be *All in All*,
 And *Siloa's* Flood to bright *Pactolus* yield.

BE cautious, Mortals, then ; nor aught prevail
 You to th' *Abomination* to seduce,
 The *Sin unpardon'd*, not by *Mafs* absolv'd,
 Flagitious Want of *Grac*-engend'ring Coin,
 As which what Crime so deadly ! Rapine, Facts
 Of crying Butchery, to Means of Life,
 To *daily Bread* lay claim : But *Famine* proves
 More heinous Culprit DEBTOR's gnawing Fare.
 The execrable Guilt by *Vigilance*
 And *Pray'r incessant* strive ye to oppugn.
 With Pelf *Salvation* treasure up ; the Means
 Nor e'er demur, Gain-*justify'd* : For Gain
 Man's *Total Duty* holy *Bandmen* preach
 By their like *practis'd Piety*. Aspire
 With them at *saving Knowledge* ; nor presume
 The sacred Store profanely to retrench.
 In Embryo stifle heretick Thought
 Of rash Benevolence. Fond Sympathy
 With alien or fraternal Grief abhor.
 The mean *unfashionable Vice* disdain
 Of pitiful Alms-deed, tho' from the Tomb
 Wide-yawning to preserve, or Durance-Cave,
 More

The Reader is desired to observe, this is one of the Pages which is
 to be understood ironical.

More loathsome Charnel-house ! where Wretches
 Quick
 Sepultur'd wail ! — Where *Charity* begins
 There *ending* let it rest ; nor risque your Palm
 The *Widow's* Largess, of her *Mites* profuse ;
 Lest PENURY (like a fierce Armed Foe)
 Uncircumspect surprise you, and up give
 To sweating Dread of rav'nous CREDITORS,
 Enrag'd who hire fell Mercenary Bands
 Of *Belial* Swifts, prompt Volunteers Below
 Inlisted ; who — (with famish'd Tigers Rage,
 Shrewd Foxes Guile, Vipers envenom'd Spite,
 Endued) — detested Shapes of Pandars vile
 To prostituted Law, exitial Strife
 Fomenting, and warranted Assassins
 By County-Reve, and Man-fed Presidents
 Of Custody horrendous, — have assum'd,
 Clep'd DO-OGS, *OBICES, and VALGLINS dire !
 With RAVAGE and CONFUSION at their Heels
 Coupled, which wait impatient their Alloo !
 Let slip and far out-run the Primate Devil,
 (That roaring Lion who perpetual roams

Invi-

* Don't Obex, in *Virgil*, signify a Were or Damm?

Invisible for Prey) — Outragious Fiends! —
 To *Golgotha* funest and *Eden* change,
 Sepulchral District, *Vale of Skulls*, where views
 Each Dawn Eye-Floodgates of new widow'd Brides
 Large-streaming, and new orphan'd Babes invoke
 Their starving Fathers vain for Bread, despair'd
 Paternal Succour, while their Captive Sires
 Cold Sones but lick, and Luxury would deem
 To feed on Serpents, putrid Serpents Flesh.
 New Hours new Tribulation still produce,
 Tears follow Sighs, and Yellings Groans succeed.

BEWARE, raw Youth! advent'rous Youth, be-
 ware!

My frightful Wrack roars Caution to your Ears.
 The truc'lent Rock with Eyes intent behold
 Whereon my frail Skiff bulg'd. Philanthropy,
 Beneficence, and Promptitude t' impart
 Share of my slender All, *religious* Hate
 Of Sway barbarian, Rage implacable,
 Wild Hurricanes! Me on the Shelves impell'd.
 Me now survey, maim'd, naked, shudd'ring, cast

N

Where

Where Gutling *Anthropophagi* abound,
 Abandon'd by the World ingrate, whose Cause
 I free imbark'd in; scarce with Pity nam'd,
 With cruel Taunt and Obloquy how oft!
 (Obnoxious State of hated Exigence!)
 Thus, while th' innocuous Roe (by stretching
 Hounds,
 Of *Spartan* Origin or *Gallick* Stock,
 Train'd to the Chace, pursued) bounds o'er the
 Lawn,
 Shelt'ring Recess in some near Wood to seek,
 With curvate Tube inflated, clam'rous Throats,
 The Murther-sported Followers allarm
 The hostile Region : Forth from Hovel springs
 Each yelping Cur, Rug, Talbot, Shough, and Dogs
 Of spurious Blood and Extract base, to join
 The ecchoing Din : Nor fails the sordid Rout
 Of Pagan Boors, and brawny Sylvanes rude,
 Arm'd with long pronged Staves, with savage
 Whoop,
 (Whose Op'ning harmonizes with the Cry)
 The persecuting Foe t' augment. —

But

But oh ! —

— († Recounting this, who of the Gang obdur'd
Whom rocky Do - o G heads could oozing Tears
Retain ?) — while Forest Browse a snatch'd Repast
Th' escaped Brute affords, who — (when retracts
The Sun behind the *Western* Hill his Gleam,
The Clarion's Blast and Vocal Stridour die,
And Respite grant from Dread) — forth issues lax,
More grateful Food and freshning Brook t' enjoy, —
A Thousand Eyes, watchful as *Argus*' Lights,
Assiduous Me beset, — in steril Cliff
(With *Hamlen* Mossy Forrage, which sustain'd
Late the agrestic Youth, unblest !) pent up,
Dubious of Nurture, but to feed or starve,
As Chance (ah ! yet unfriendly !) may dispose.

* PÆANTIUS thus, by base-soul'd *Hellenists*
Moroon'd, with Wound venenous (Stipend sole
Of wheedled Arms) in *Lemnos* groaning lay,
With Dearth to pine, against offenseless Birds

N 2

Be-

† Virg. *Quis talia fando*, &c.

* *Philoctetes*. See *Ajax*'s Speech in *Ovid. Metam. lib. 13.*
Moroon'd was a Term used among the late *English* Pyrates, signifying
the setting a Person on Shore on some uninhabited Island, &c.

Bequeathed Shafts or use, destin'd to strike
More ill-deserving, his lov'd Country's, Foes.

BUT chief, FAUST's rightful Heirs! — (Or
would ye claim

Moguntia's Laud or *Haerlem's* Boast your Sire?) —
Whose Art preheminent to ev'ry Art
Gives Life! To whom each Worthy his Renown
Embalmed owes! O'er full-ag'd Time tho' Kings
Their Reign in Monumental Verse extend,
Its Immortality from YOU (ye Prime
Of Artists) VERSE, perennial VERSE, receives.
To Great *Mæonides'* vivific Strains
Pelides' Name eternaliz'd tho' due;
To *Maro's* Voice nor less The Man in Arms
Celebrious, and for pious Deeds, oblig'd;
By YOU as much the *Greek* and *Roman* Song
Shall deathless ring *maugre Jove's Wrath* or *Fire*.

From

Faust.] With greatest Probability suppos'd to be the first Inventor
of Printing.

Moguntia's Land.] John Guttenburg of Mentz in Germany.

Haerlem's Boast.] Janz Coster of Haerlem in Holland. A Dispute
still subsists between the Germans and Hollanders for the Honour of
the first Invention of our most useful (and perhaps the most abused)
of all Professions in the World.

From Y O U bright 'stablish'd T R U T H Redemp-
tion found,

Colluctant feebly erst with E R R O R 's Thews

In darksome Cave of I G N O R A N C E restrain'd :

In Y O U its strong Defense. The Crape rever'd,

Furr Magisterial, and Sagacious Coif,

Theatric Mirrour (Vice-exposing Skill),

Lucrative Commerce, Peace-improving War,

Britannia's Floating Bulwark, boundless Reach,

And dreaded Glory, (mightiest *Argo's* which

Jasonian W A G E R rules) your Tutor Science aids.

By Y O U spruce Butterfly, *Parisian* Breed,

B E A U hight, new Complimental soft Address

Is giv'n, with Sighs to pierce the *killing Fair*.

Stanch P O L I T I C I A N (than grave Symbol which

Fam'd *Dunciad's* Title fronts more plodding wise,

Rhyme-loaden, Ears erecting pert) by Y O U

Is Speculation taught ; by Yours *first* mov'd,

Ay-working in his Sconce, the vast *Machines*.

Prim B A R - M A N, skill'd in Gibberish profound

And

Dunciad.] The Frontispiece of the *Dunciad* is an Ass loaden with Books, &c.

And Learn'd Tautology, *snuff'd* Brain may spare
 For Quirks and Quiddits, with big-swelling Codes,
 Or Pandects endless, large supply'd by YOU.
 And, from ransacking Scull excus'd, the Man
 Of holy Occupation (painful Trade!)
 Polemic Ammunition cheap purloins,
 Not Six Days drudging for short Hour's Harangue
 Of lofty Jargon, furnish'd while his Shelf
 By YOU with bulky Tomes of labour'd Gloss
 Antique, and ready-canvass'd Text by Quill
 Of modern Date. To You the Thanks belong
 PENN yet holds forth, volum'nous BAXTER still
 And TILLOTSON, entomb'd, are preaching heard;
 Or LESLEY's Thunder, thro' loud Organs blown
 Of tuned BETTY, from the Pulpit roars.
 E'en D'ANVERS' mercenary Spleen might gnaw
 Thro' his own Vitals, vented save by YOU:
 And *Proteus* DANIEL might, of YOU forlorn,
 On Woolly Greaves his *changeful* Pen, new turn'd
 To Darning-Instrument, to dine, imploy.—

Yet

Proteus Daniel.] Dan. Foe was, as we are told, bred up an Historian.
 If I am not misinformed, he is yet living, and by scribbling.

Yet, yet beware! Your Motto write BEWARE!
 Or when minutest *Type* ye set, or when
 The *Page* how gentle e'er impress. Secure
 Tho' oft the fragrant *Balls* ye've nimbly twirl'd,
 Unshent the *Tympan* vig'rous squeez'd and long,
 Yet, yet beware! The dire Catastrophe
 Of *Milo's* Confidence You warns: Ah! when
 Ye the *Composure* wheel, what Hazard meets
 The prement Wood! Trebbly altho' revis'd
 The still-precarious *Proof*, th' unheeded *Pull*
 May, on your Head unarmed, Ruin draw.
 The clattering *Rounce*, of *Frisket-Joints* the Squeek,
 Portentous bid, on *Milo* think and Me!

YET, like *Cadmaen* Teeth, my planted *Types*
 To *Discord* ween not e'er up sprung, or Leaves
Seditions shed, or Fruit of *Treason* bore.
 Deceitful *stygian* Fruit! whose Emblem grows
 Near the *Asphaltic* unctuous Lake; skinn'd tho'
 With golden Beauty, pulp'd full to the Core

With

Tympan, Frisket, Rounce, &c. are Appurtenances to a Printing-
 Press, as *Pull, &c.* are technical Terms us'd among the Printers.

With Athes foul and bitter Soot; to crop
 Tho' tempting fair as which to Woe beguil'd
 Our Grand Progenitrix, yet to the Bite
 How odious! and how mortal proves the Taste!
 No; From my Convert Engine NERO's Spirit
 Had long exorcis'd been: Allegiance firm
 Maintain'd it since, disloyal Faction's Scope
 Thwarted, and strenuous its mad Force repell'd.
 So Brave ARGYLE, bright Caledonian MARS!
 At *Dumblain* erst the adverse Cannon seiz'd,
 On Rebel Crests and their own Fiery Tempests
 Show'r'd.

NATHLESS — [*From Gath where Dagon's Votaries
 swarm*

Be hid the Tale, in Ascalon nor blaz'd!] —

Convulsive Thought! of chearful Air full Draughts
 While snuff the Trayt'rous Spawn, th' Anointed Head
 Of

Nero's Spirit.] The very Press at which this Poem is wrought
 formerly (when possess'd by another Hand) printed that most noto-
 rious Treasonable Libel intitled *A Second Nero*, with many other
 seditious Reflections on the Government. How it has been employ'd
 since it has been mine, however prejudicial it has prov'd to my
 private Interest, I rejoice to think, nor needs it mentioning in
 this Part of *England*.

Of Sacred M A J E S T Y who impious strive
 T' infest, and from oblivious *Lethe's* Sedge
 Sleeping R E B E L L I O N rouse, confounded where
 In *Ate's* Lap the hideous Monster lies :
 Large while they strut, carels'd, by restless Sons
 Of *Anarchy* supported strong, with Praise
 Inclamour'd by the giddy thoughtless Herd
 For pestilent Defection apt ; who sick
 Of F R E E D O M, such as Princes envy, sigh
 At Ease exorbitant, Riot of Bliss
 Nauseate, and struggle for enslaving Chains, —
 (While thus audacious Traytors stride at Large)
 I, — of untainted Fealty and Zeal
 For B R U N S W I C K and B R I T A N N I A ' S Weal
 sincere,
 (United indivisible) remain
 An Abject slighted, dispossels'd of Thought
 Of Compensation, left a trembling Prey
 To Malice and revengeful Wrath of Foes
 Avow'd to *Cesar's* Throne, Foes to the Throne
 By Heav'n erected, and whose Basis deep
 In Righteousness is laid. — Nor yet repines
 O The

The faithful Muse, nor of her Duty boasts;
Rich FREEDOM's Joys in GEORGE's golden Sway
 But e'en enthrall'd should sing; *Rich* FREEDOM's
 Joys

In BRUNSWICK's Line Insur'd, interminate
 'Till Worldly Reign and Worlds themselves shall
 end.

Eke shall the Gracious SENATE's blest Decree,
 Magnific A& ! her grateful Lyre imploy.

Grand Imitation of the FILIAL GOD !

Mankind, in bottomless Distress o'erwhelm'd,
 Redeeming ; Captive leading Thralldom bound ;
 Bilking inexorable Vengeance' Maw ;

Cerberean greedy Ravin muzzling strict ;

And Pow'rs prægrand of hellish Darknes, (crush'd
 'Neath their oppressive Bonds, (just Change !) to
 prove,

Perillus like, their own invented Pains)

Dooming

Grateful Lyre.] The late Noble and truly Christian A&t of Parlia-
 ment for Relief of, the greatest and most worthy Objects of Com-
 passion and Charity, Insolvent Prisoners for Debt, and putting a
 Curb on the arbitrary Usurpations and growing Cruelty of Gaolers,
 demand the Thanks of all Mankind, of what Fortune or Degree
 soever, in as much as no Mortal breathing can insure to himself the
 not falling one Time or other into the like most woful Plight.

Dooming their Cruciable Skill to mourn!
 — And chief be sung the Advocates select,
 Plenipotent the throng'd Abode t' explore
 Of crescent Horrors and desponding Grief,
 To break the Chains stupendous, and disband
 To joyful FREEDOM wide th' obstructed Way!
 — And might some Cherub Choirister who join'd
 To carol sweet THE SAVIOUR'S Natal Morn,
 And hymn'd *Benevolence to Man!* assist
 My grov'ling, my invalid Strains, — should high
 The Names, in Life's eternal List inroll'd,
 Of Gen'rous HUGHES and OGLETHORP be
 tun'd!

(How Nobly Clement! How in Mercy Brave!)
 On whom, and on their Colleague Worthies, long
 Joint Blessings efficacious shall distil
 Of Souls, in Groans expiring half, restor'd;
 To Grace Divine their Titles which proclaim:

O 2

Y E T

Advocates select.] The Worthy Committee appointed to inspect
 the State of the Goals, &c.
Blessings, &c.] They are the comfortable Words of Job, *The Bless-
 ing of him that was ready to perish came upon me.*

YET how unequal had e'en *Mantua's* Swan
 To chaunt The Pious Hero, and the Pomp
 Of Battle strain'd, with the *Sulmonian* Bard
 In dire Restriction Fancy-cramp'd, to tease
 For Aid a sickly Muse? More arduous Theme,
 THE BRITISH FREEDOM! (worthy well thy
 Muse,

Thy Spoused Muse, O POPE!) how vainer then
 Attempt should I, more doleful Plight who wail,
 And weary drag of pining Life the Load,
 An hunted Exile in my Native Coast?

The Grand NASSAU how quiv'ring Joints pour-
 tray

Stemming the rapid *Boyn*, (while *Nereids* time
 With *Triton's* Shell-blown *Airs* their tortuous Dance,
 And ORANGE deem their God!) from th' iron
 Grasp

Of TYRANNY to wrest the Scorpion Lash,

And

Mantua's Swan.] *Virgil.*

Sulmonian Bard.] *Ovid.*

'Tis humbly wish'd the Learned Reader, as not improper in this
 Place, would review *Mart. Epig. 56. lib. 3.* for desiring which, I,
 hope not immodestly, 'tis presum'd, the two concluding Verses
 which only I apply to my poor self, will excuse.

F R E E D O M.

109

And bruising trample on the Sev'n-Head Beast,
 Red mystic *Babylon*? How **MARLB'ROUGH** sketch;
 Breathing terrific Vengeance, **VICTORY**
 Attendant calm, impetuous driving o'er
 Bloated **AMBITION**'s Bulk the thund'ring War?
 The Master-Strokes (presumptuous Enterprise!)
 To touch how dare? Th' **IMPERIAL PAIR** who
 gemm
 (*Irradiate may they long!*) the Crown how aim?
 Th' Illustrious Group of Princely Lineage round,
 — (Prime **FREDERICK**, Stock of a Thousand
 Kings,
 Smiling August, plac'd in just Eminence,
 And **WILLIAM**, Name auspicious! Second Hope!
 The Hero blooming in his Manly Youth) —
 With Virtues splendent as their Graces, veil'd
 Tho' Son of *Atreus* like, or fulgid Saint
 Glory'd!

Veil'd Son of Atreus.] A most ingenious Artist, painting the History-piece of *Agamemnon* present at the Sacrificing his own Daughter *Iphigenia*, conscious of his Inability fully to express the Concern and Passion which ought to appear in his Countenance, drew him with a Veil over his Head. *Fulgid Saint.*] *Moses*, the Splendour of whose Countenance, we read, at his Return from the Mount, no Eye could bear. *Glory* is a Term us'd by Painters signifying the Rays usually drawn round the Head of our Saviour, &c.

HO F R E E D O M.

Glory'd with View Divine, where to depict
(Inimitable Favour!) Colours find?

Hail, FREEDOM's Guard! From whom shall
Last descend

The Prince, who, when th' All-rousing Clangor bids,
To Heav'n's Sole-reigning Emp'rour shall resign,
With his untarnish'd Di'dem, FREEDOM's Trust
Conserv'd entire, since not to be improv'd!

THE glorious Song assert, ye Poets free!
Me unlike Argument behoves; more apt
Thoughts luctuous, Tales disconsolate, and Words
Of hideous Cadence, Death-pang Accents, dire
As mingled Dissonance of howling Wilds,
Hard Foes to thrill with Terrours sharp as mine.

O H! for the pow'rful Chords and Skill which erst
Fierce Belluine Rage disarm'd, unbottom'd Rocks
To Ecstasy and stirr'd; or artful Shade
Of the fam'd *Cean* Bard (whose plaintive Tone
Hearts

Cean Bard.] *Simonides*, a Poet of the Island *Cea*, (alluded to by
Horace, Carm. Lib. 2. Od. 1,) noted, like our own *Oiway*, for mo-
ving Compassion by his Performances.

Hearts adamantine thaw'd) the Moan would aid,
 Or teach his soothing Charms! But spent, e'en
 spent

My Squeal discordant, impotent t' assuage,
 And in my Throat the Sobs abortive sink,
 Nor Help nor Pity move. Increasing Ire
 Th' Arch-Enemy yet burns, who Cruelty
 Intense prepares, and meditates me chain'd,
 Already chain'd, begirt while thus he keeps
 Incarcerate, unhop'd the Senate's Grace.

IMMUR'd in Goal rotund, magnificent
 With lofty Pinnacles and glitt'ring Bars,
 The tufted Lark — (*an Infant Captive, which*
Ne'er FREEDOM with aerial Musick wing'd,
The Trefoil large nor rang'd, the Seeded Flax
Select nor bill'd, nor spurn'd th' extensive Sand) —
 With flutt'ring Pennons round his petty Field
 Of roscid Herb (fresh Spring diurnal) skips;
 In Bondage joys; and, trilling gutt'ral Note,
 Transports with sylvan Melody the Town.
 But if, Adult, ensnar'd, the feather'd Wretch

In

In Needy Thraldom, fearful, darkling lay,
 Expected fond were the sweet-warbled Ode
 Of vig'rous Stretch; when not th' Elegiac Tone
 Which on *Maander's* Stream the raucid Swan,
 At Fate's Approach, was storied erst t' emit,
 The pining, heartless, wasted Pris'ner groans.

THE jaded *Heliconian* Steed to ply
 His crippled Wings, vain kicking, hence I spur;
 Unequal, lifeless, hence the forced Strain,
 Whereon *Minerva* scowls, and *Sol* morose
 Lours in the Cloud, nor shoots his kindling Beam. —
 — Loos'd were the clogging Fetters, he to snort
 Spirable Jove un-prison'd and allow'd,
 The ransom'd Pinnions to sublimer Pitch
 Than *Persens* or *Bellerophon* the Flight
 To concitate presum'd, should mount the Lay:
Rich FREEDOM's Joys (exhaustless Theme) the
 Poles
 Should

Heliconian Steed.] *Pegasus.*
 the Old Phrase *Invita Minerva.*

Spirable Jove.] *Jupiter* here is figuratively us'd for the *Air*, as
 by the Ancient Poets was often done.

Minerva scowls] Alluding to

by
 lar,

Should raptur'd hear ; *Rich* FREEDOM's Joys resound
 Exulting should the Deep ; *Homerian* Fire
 In *Virgil's* smooth mellifluous Phrase should rage,
 And *Milton's* Angel Fury more sublime the Verse.

DEPLORED Safety ! when the Barque unstan-
 The gushing Winter drinks, which infinite
 Grows on the tired Pump ; desp'rate the Crew,
 Staring Amazement, into fragil Cock
 Topple precipitant ; and, tossed long,
 By Hope scarce buoy'd, on the white yerking Surge,
 To macerating Famine (than the Fate
 They fled more cruel) drive a feeble Prize !
 Less dreadful nor th' Escape, when from the Toil
 Of Huntsman breaks the Hind, or fleet the Tooth
 Eschews of Greyhound ; from the shelt'ring Brake
 If, feller mouth'd, springs quick a Panther on
 His trembling Haunch, and thro' wide - rended
 Gorge

P

The

Gushing Winter.] *Winter* is here put for the *stormy Waves*, as was
 by the *Ancient Poets* done for *Storms*, &c. So *Virgil*, in particu-
 lar, *Æn.* lib. 1. ver. 129. *Emissamq; Hyemem*, &c.

The palpitating Veins sucks dry! — Like Scathe]
 But *Me* betides. — Yet — [*Not (from servile Yoke*
In Goshen rescued) as the Seed Elect,
On barren Waste by rav'ning Hunger's Gripe
Attach'd, more poynant Tyranny bewail'd,
*And * Food in Bonds to Starving Free preferr'd] —*
 — Fearless Inlarg'd Fast I'd enjoy, or with
 Camelion airy Dinner make; or, as
 From his tapp'd Paws the Bear draws Sustainance,
 I'd on my macilent Flesh banquet, e'er
 Ypent in Hold I'd pluck th' *Immortal Tree*.
 No: 'Till keen Famishment to vacuous Bone
 Shall scalp me, FREEDOM deign, ye Gods!
 Death's Hand

Worse Catchpole's Grasp prevent; a Coffin lock
 My Skeleton entomb'd, from Burial-WARD
 To guard me living! Yet --(Marmorean Skies!
 Such grievous Plight can ye unmelted view?)—
 Skulking obscur'd from fascinating Palms
 Of D o - o G's rampant † *Spirits* while I recede,
 To grinding NEED I fainty Bondslave yield:

And

* See *Exod.* xvi. 9.

† *Spirits* are Kidnappers.

And, Circumvention dreading, no Relief
 From Friend compassionate (hop'd if were Friend
 By Misery!) accept might dare; disguis'd
 Lest should hir'd *lawful* Bravo, (*as in Rays*
Assum'd may Satan shine, Iscariot kiss
To captivate, and treach'rous * OBEY *damn'd*
Cut Weason while he smiles) Hyena like,
 Feign Sorrow, surer to destroy, in me
 Surpriz'd infix his Talons deep, and drag
 (Sweet Feast for sharp Revenge) to baleful Cave
 Where sad AFFLICTION reigns, in squalid Pomp
 And solemn Gloom enthron'd; whose flabby Breast
 — (*The Vision horrible so Fancy paints*) —
 Ingend'ring Nests of Serpent GRIEFS corrode:
 WANT hollow-ey'd, of fallow Visage lank,
 Scrambling reptitious, skipping Prey, or wing'd,
 Glares hideous in her Face: Consumptive Rots
 Her Members bite: Grim Officers of DEATH,
 CONTAGION foul and ev'ry rank DISEASE,
 Their venom'd Lances shake: DESPONDENCE fell
 His rusty Poniard, reeking hot with Blood,

P 2

Halters

* I wish it were safe to call this Miscreant by his Prose and vulgar Name, that none might be inveigled by him, as I once was.

Halters and mortal Drug, in specious Shew
Of Amity, with fullen Grace, presents.

Behind stand grinning M O C K E R Y, and rough
I N V E C T I V E, Blights and cank'ring Breath by Turns
Forth belching. On her tatter'd Robes hangs wild
Distraction; whence multipede Nations starv'd
From over-peopled Burrows rove, to plant
New Colonies. A Clout, vile Diadem!
Her wrisled Temples binds. A Thigh-bone gnaw'd
Scepters her Right, a noisome Scull for Globe
Her Left Hand bears. A livid Pale her Cheek,
Her meagre Cheek, intrench'd by fretting Tears,
(Daily her Drink) o'erspreads. Sense-quailing
Plaints,

Shrill piteous Yellings, deep-drawn Sighs, and Sobs
Heart-cracking, bass'd with Dying-Rattles, Groans
Which freeze the Soul, (harsh dismal Consort !) still
With horrid Anti-Musick grate her Ears.

H A P P I E R beneath the Sand or slimy Owze,
In curv'd and fluted Shell, the Cockle lies,
Waiting the periodical Return

Of

Of Wat'ry Volumes, saline Nutriment
 Affording : Which, tho' oft he thirsty yawns,
 Unclasping his Indentures for the Flood,
 To oblique-crawling *Cancer's* teathy Claws,
 In Infancy that preys, expos'd, and Rake
 Of Crone, — (*Accouter'd who in daggled Rags,*
Thigh-Coat to flabby Galligaskins shap'd,
As foul Priapus erst, aloof appears
A Scarecrow : — Thus to Hazard tho' expos'd) —
 Free yet from gnawing Care and Dread, his Cell,
 His narrow Cell, the spacious Hall derides
 And Palace, where Lusts, Adulation, Spleen,
 Ambition, and insatiate Avarice,
 Lordlings enslave, and over Monarchs reign.

F A R preferable were the Lot, had Fate
 With *mine* indulgent soul'd a *Paddock's* Spawn,
 On the gross Vapour of some Cavern dank
 With mirthsome Croak subsisting, from Affright
 Remote and rife Alarms, the tranquil Sweet
 Of Life with not unwholesome Bane to taste !
 Yea, Torture less under the Harrow-Spike,

While

While breaking furious the subverted Clod,
 The hateful tumid * Beast endures, my Breast,
 Fear-haunted, than which sharp continual tears.
 The Reptile spotted (or *Rubetan* Tribe
 Haply his Kin) the momentaneous Woe
 May rack ; his mangled Limbs but soon, with Life,
 Forsakes his Pain, and dies of Clown the Sport.

LESS curst the Shade in *Purgatorial Thrall*
 (*Whence Pray'r — and Expiating Cass — set free*)
 On chearful Hope who of Enlargement feeds,
 With Hope or banish'd has all empty Fear,
 Than Him whom thorny Apprehension pricks
 Of untry'd Dangers and suspected Woes.

Deformed Offspring of perturbed Brain !
 Fell APPREHENSION ! Hideous Fantasm ! which
 Oft to those Ills we strive t' evade betrays !
 Thus I, agast at the so direful Noun
Confinement ! it to shun, my self abridge

Of

* Why mayn't a Toad be call'd *Beast* as well as a Viper, as in
AEs xxvii. 3, 4, 5. ?
Rubetan.] There is a Kind of reddish Toads, call'd *Rubeta*.

Of FREEDOM very Jails, (*All WARDs but those*
Which HELL out-Tophets!) strictest Jails, allow.

AVAUNT, true * *King of Terrours*, that of DEATH
We forge! which guilty Souls, with Gore di-
stain'd,

Surcharg'd with Plunder, or with Soil defil'd
Of Selfishness ignoble, should indeed
Convulse with palsyng Horror: But to Minds
Conscious of Virtue flighted, Merit wrong'd,
Weak limping 'neath oppressive Injuries,
Vain combating Arm'd Wealth-supported Vice
With disproportion'd Force, (To Worth so rare,
So precious, so divine!) celestial DEATH,
In candid Robes of glorious Hope array'd,
To free from Dolour, and conduct to Rest,
By Heav'n All-gracious mission'd, flies a Seraph
Post.

BUT black Ideas the most Daring scare
In meditative Thought not exercis'd, and Doubt
What Scenes the Ghostly Regions, unexplor'd

By

* I mean *Apprehension*.

By Mortal Spy, exhibit, dastardize
 The Soul, and awe thick-crowding Harms t' embrace
 Experienc'd sure, their extreme Date and wish
 Protracted, when to quick Deliverance
 Direct (tho' obscure) numerous Avenues
 Lie ope, inviting to accept Repose.

THUS, on the River's grass'd or pebbled Strand,
 Disrob'd stands, shiv'ring, long the tim'rous Youth,
 Doubtful the Temper of the crisped Stream
 Effaying; but, impatient of the Chill,
 His scarce-ting'd Foot in Haste retracts; the while
 And wanton Insults of his sportful Mates,
 Jocosely petulant, half mournful bears;
 Loose Gybes, smart Manual Claps, close nettling
 Stripes,
 Dry missive Pelts, and Dashing's wet Annoy,
 Sustaining: — But when total once immerg'd,
 The frightful Numness a fantastic Dream
 Is found; th' imagin'd Danger Shelter yields
 From Persecution; and Delights succeed.

The End of the Poem.





The Author's Case.

SO apt are People to misrepresent Matters, in Favour of themselves, that a positive Judgment is rarely to be form'd on hearing one Side alone. To avoid Suspicion of such a Practise, this Account of my Case shall be as succinct and pure as the Nature of the Thing will admit of, not a Tiche so much to the Advantage of my Cause as *strictest Justice* would allow it to be made, such an one as these *Western Counties* know already to be Fact, and what my bitterest Adversary and his Abettors will not themselves deny: To which, moreover, I shall not add a Line in Apology of my *Proceedings*; but leave them to speak for or against me what they may. Only this I presume to say in Preface, I challenge and defy any one to fix Blame on me, or justify my Persecutors. Nothing would gratify me more than some one Person's underraking the Office.

I've kept a Printing-House in my native *Exeter* above 14 Years. As it's very necessary, 'twill not, I hope, be deemed Vanity, to hint, that my Father designing me not for a Secular Employ, an Education not common to All of our Profession was my Portion. Nor will it be unfair, however *unprofitable*, to premise, That the Argument *how much, both by Principle and Natural Genius, I appear'd form'd to serve my Generation in the Capacity of a Printer, particularly by obviating the scandalous Insinuations spread perpetually by Presses, in this City, disaffected to our happy Constitution and Establishment, urg'd on me by Gentlemen Eminent for Loyalty, was the prime Motive of my forgoing my delightful Studies, and bidding welcome to servile Toil, to qualify myself for the Duty.* How I have from the very Beginning answer'd the Expectation of my *Friends*, let my very *Enemies* (*who are mostly such merely on that Account*) declare: Tho' indeed, as I never propos'd to myself much *private Gain*, I have not been much baulk'd in mine.

Partly to amuse myself and partly to divert, and now and then it may be inform, some of the Perusers of my Weekly Paper of Intelligence (*there being Readers suited to the meanest Writer*), in Default of better Supplies from Correspondents, I have (too presumptuously, perhaps) us'd to insert little Occasional Essays of my own scribbling. In *July* and *August*, 1727, I receiv'd Letters daily from the Sheriff's Ward of the County of *Devon*, fill'd with such Lamentable Complaints, as to which those against *Bambridge* can't compare, and such as could not but draw Compassion from any Heart made of penetrable Stuff. Among the rest, one Mr. Cha^s La-
nyon

yon sent his particular Case; begging, for the cogent Reasons therein, and as I myself hop'd for Mercy, and for the Lord Jesus Christ his sake, I would but publish it, as the sole hopeful Mean to preserve him from being most cruelly murder'd in Secret by the Goaler and his Agents. I could never have had the Impudence to implore Help from God in the greatest Extremity, should I have resisted such repeated, earnest, and reasonable Solicitations. Wherefore, (having first sent a private Message to the Governour, without receiving Answer, and on September the 1st publish'd, that I had such Complaints address'd to me, which unless redress'd should appear forthwith before the World) on Sept. 8. 1727, the Subsequent was the initial Contents of my Journal.

EXON, Friday September the 8th, 1727.

Crueli officio nimium crudeliter usi. Mart.

TO the few brief Reflections which follow it should be premised, that I have no Design upon *Individuals* or *Particulars*, who am as much a Stranger to Mr. Lanyon and his Case as any Reader whatsoever. As that unfortunate Person's and his Wretched Colleague's Circumstances (*according to their Account*) appear very deplorable, on their earnest Application to me to publish them in Hope of some Relief thereby, I should, methinks, go near to renounce Christianity in not granting their Request. I must leave it to the serious Consideration of all who profess that *Characteristick* of universal Benevolence, in what Manner they ought to visit them. But in a general Way to make some short Improvement of the Motto, which I wish may not too well suit the Matter in present Question.

One of the most Eminent of the Inspired Penmen reckons under a Judgment from God, and to be given over by him to a reprobate Mind, those degenerate Wretches who are without natural Affection, implacable, unmerciful. The Original Word from which the former of these is render'd, I conceive, imports, Persons in whose Breast the *Storge*, or [as Mr. Derham uses it] such natural Love as even the inferior Part of the Animal World, the savage Beasts, the ravenous Fowls, and perhaps the minutest, most despicable, or venomous Reptiles, bear to their own Kind, is manifestly extinct. Those who have explor'd the wildest Desert, and search'd the howling Wilderness, take Notice that the most fell and fiercest Creatures rarely annoy and tare, but never (I think) prey on and devour, others of the same Species; on the contrary they seem often to entertain a sympathetic Concern for each other's Distress and Pain, and are forward and generous in Relief. To give therefore the merciless ones, not only void of this innate Affection, but who take Pleasure in giving Pain, burthening the Weary, and adding Affliction unto Bonds, nor suffer the poor, forlorn, disconsolate Wretches to taste the very Dregs of Ease, tho' they know they are their Fellow Creatures, Men of Passions like their own, (to give such, I say) the Epithets of brutish and savage were a Contradiction, for the Brutes act otherwise; to call 'em *inhuman* were just enough, but low and defective; since none under that of *devilish* will benefit them. Nay, it may be doubted whether the very Devils themselves delight thus in afflicting one another.

But since Experience too well convinces us that many of those Fiends in Human Shape are not only conversant among us, but even permitted often to exercise a Sway, or rather tyrannick Lordliness, how unhappy, how extremely cruel, is the Lot of the poor Mortals committed to their Power and Iron Rule, and too much subjugated to their licentious Will (And yet how comfortable is it that their Rage is in some Measure restrain'd, and their wayward Humours curbd) That those petty Tyrants, proud perhaps of the basest and most scandalous Office, are not independent, but have some in Degree above them, in Part to controul their

their barbarous Dispositions, and tie their bloody Hands! How happy that murdering Inclined Commanders are not suffer'd to mingle Poison with the Waters of Affliction, exchange Thongs for Halters, and convert a smacking Stroke into a deadly Stab!

Well does the skilful *Shakespear* paint and expose the daring Insolence, and odious Thirst of Revenge frequently so notorious in little rascally Officers and pitiful Authority-men, who like the Toad in the Fable attempt to puff and swell, and tho' contemptible Pigmies in themselves to appear formidable Giants in their Places. But what would these Bulky Tom a Thumbs be at? The Poet tells us:—

- Could Great Men thunder,
- As Jove himself does, Jove would ne'er be quiet;
- For every pelting petty Officer
- Would use his Heav'n for Thunder,
- Nothing but Thunder. — Merciful Heav'n!
- Thou rather with thy sharp and sulphurous Bolt
- Splitt'st the unwedgeable and gearled Oak
- Than the soft Myrtle. O but Man, proud Man!
- Drest in a little brief Authority,
- Most ignorant of what he's most assur'd,
- His glassy Essence, like an angry Ape,
- Plays such fantastick Tricks before high Heav'n
- As makes the Angels weep; who with our Spleens
- Would all themselves laugh mortal.

Meas. for Meas.

The same Celebrated Poet furthermore observes, that tho' it's excellent to have a Giant's Strength, yet it is tyrannous to use it like a Giant. Should a Person go so far as the Bounds of Law may possibly extend, what a spacious Field has the Man of Cruelty, vested with Power, to frisk and range in!

This Subject is very copious, and if Occasion shall require, in Default of some abler Hand, I may prosecute it in some future Paper. But wanting Room at present, I shall only add, That let any cruel Oppressour plead the Allowance or pretended Warrant of (abused Letter of the) Law, or other specious Reason whatever, in Apology for antichristian and unnatural Treatment of his Brother, not to regard the tremendous State in which stands an implacable Unforgiver, yet he should tremble at both the Letter and Spirit of the just Law and unalterable Decree of God, That he shall die without Mercy who shews not Mercy.

The Case of Mr. Charles Lanyon, &c. of Newlyn near Penzance, Merchant, a Prisoner in the Sheriff's Ward in St. Thomas's.

AT my Entrance into this Ward under the Confinement of Mr. George Glanvill, June 22. 1726. some of the Tablers were pleased to invite me as Friends to board along with them. But taking one Night for Deliberation, I was put into a Room on the Common Side of the Keys. By the Morning having consider'd that being far distant from Friends, and having a Family besides, the Charge of Tabling would be too great, I thought best to find my self.

A few Days after Mrs. Glanvill came to the Window of the Room on the Outside, and with much seeming Dissatisfaction told me, that if she knew I would not Table I should not lie there. About 3 Months after, Mr. Holwell, Mr. Roger Edgecombe, and Capt. Oliver, after Supper came into my Room, and ask'd me to go with them into the Cellar to take a Glass. I readily join'd with so good a Company and we sat 'till we had spent a Groat or 5 d. each. The Reasoning being call'd, I gave the Drawer's Wife Mrs. Pointz Half-a-Crown to change. Not being able to do it, she gave it her Husband, who gave me mine and Change all round. Mr. Edgecombe having not less than a Guinea, Mr. Pointz changed it; and just as we were about to rise, the Drawer being 3 or 10 Feet Distance put his Hand in his Pocket, and taking out Half-a-Crown, directly charged me with having put a Brass one on him. I told him mine was good, and that it was a fair bright one of K.

William's

William's Coin, against the Face of whose Image without the Letters there was a Brim more than common, which I chanced to take Notice of, the Candle being near me, before I deliver'd it to his Wife. I desir'd to see his, he deliver'd it to me, being an old Brass Piece, which he still charg'd me with. The Company, being surpris'd parted, and being gone into the Clock-Hall, I desir'd Mr. Edgcombe to look upon his Change; the which he did, and found the very Piece exactly as I had described it. The Drawer notwithstanding made a great Noise, and told Mr. Glanvill I had put Brass Money upon him, and would have me secured for a Cheat. These Threatnings, &c. lasted many Days; and after too much vile Treatment here to be mention'd, he said he would remove me to High-Goal; and went to one Mr. Wilcocks, a Notary who was then a Prisoner; and tender'd his Affidavit, that he received the Half-Crown from me, and that I coined it in Prison. Mr. Wilcocks having often heard the Story from the Gentlemen put the Fellow off several Times, insomuch that he said, if he would not administer the Oath to him, he would send for one that should. Mr. Wilcocks inform'd me of the Matter; which struck me with Concern and Horror; for had he executed his abominable Threatning, I must have been removed to High-Goal, and Try'd for my Life. But it pleas'd God so to restrain his diabolical Purpose, that I heard no more of it, 'till seiz'd with a Quain of Conscience, about 2 Months after he confess'd openly that he did not receive the Piece of me, but had it from one Mr. Heath of Bovey.

This Charge being dropp'd, it was thought necessary to contrive and machinate others in its stead: 1. It was alledged that I kept Brandy, and retail'd it to the Prisoners, tho' I was never Owner of a Noggin of such Liquor since my Confinement. 2. I was charged with the heinous Crime of drawing Petitions for some wretched Prisoners against Poyntz the Drawer, setting forth the insufferable Abuses they receiv'd from him; which Bill I own. 3. I was accus'd of saying, I would tarry as long as I could in Lodgings without paying, and then go to the Broad-Hall; which was a vile Forgery. And 4. I was pretend'dly suspected, in Concert with several others, of attempting to break Prison.

Now they had their End: For hereupon, on the 6th of February last I was confin'd in the Dark house with Mr. John Maddick and John Aglan, double-tyed with the largest Irons which could be got in Bridewell. Two Days after a Box with my Writings, which I had order'd up from Penzance, in order to settle my Accounts, and make Proposals to my Creditors, being brought, it was broke open before they let me know it was in the House, my Writings rummag'd and confus'd, that I cannot reduce them to any Order, and besides find several of Consequences are missing.

We are shut up so close, that we have not the thousandth Part of the Liberty which Felons and Murderers are allow'd. They have the Advantage of taking in or putting out any Thing thro' the Grates or Bars at any Time, but we have not the Liberty of taking in a Biscuit or a Spoonful of Water, when we want it, unless we knock to have the Door open'd; which we have often deny'd our selves, by reason the Under-keeper seldom opens the Door without murmuring and ill Language.

At our first Commitment to this dark Hole under Ground, we lay 14 Days in our Cloaths on the Floor, neither could Prayers and Intreaties obtain one Bundle of Straw to lie on in that bitter Season, when the Cold took such hold on us, that seems now to be shortening our Days, we having a long Time been in a very ill State of Health. And tho' we afterwards had Beds allow'd us, yet a Bedstead has not been admitted, but we were oblig'd to lay our Beds on the cold damp Ground; whereby they are become rotten and unwholesome. Neither for some Time were we suffer'd to send a Letter to our Families or Friends, but the Under-Keeper would break them open to see if he lik'd the Contents, saying he had Orders so to do. And he says he is now to take no Letters from us to Mr. Glanvill; and when on the 3d past we wrote the following Letter, he threw it into the Room to us again.

To Mr. George Glanvill.

Worthy Sir, From the Dark-house, Aug. 1.
 After our many Letters finding no Relief, during our long Confinement, but having the Irons off from one Leg, we hope your Severity will cease, and that you will cast an Eye of Compassion on us, considering we are Christians, and

and not Infidels, and release us from those intolerable Burthens you have been pleas'd to lay upon us. Mr. Langley in High-Goal does not wear Irons, as you are pleas'd to make us do; but has the Benefit of open Air, and tho' a condemn'd Criminal by far more of the Christian Part in all his Treatments than we receive. Had we been guilty of any Fact we would not open our Mouths for any Favour at your Hands: But as we neither broke Prison, nor attempted it in any wise, nor had any Tools, Weapons, Materials, or Ammunition found on us to cause any Suspicion, how have we merited this cruel Punishment? Had either of us abused you or Family, or Agents, or done any Thing to disoblige you, we should readily beg Pardon for it. In our last we intreated the small Favour of having the Board before the Hole in the Door taken away, which the Prisoners in this Place formerly had the Advantage of by taking in any small Matter they wanted, as a Pint of Ale or Milk, tho' you are sensible a larger Thing than a Pint will not come in, yet you pleas'd to take no Notice of it. And if at any Time we have any Ale or Cyder, then we are sure to have the worst Tap in House, oftentimes not fit for the Use of Man, altho' we pay 4 d. per Quart. We are almost crippled with violent Pains in the Limbs and Bones, by lying on the Floor, our Beds quite rotten, and no Bedstead permitted us at our own Cost.

If you are not pleas'd to release us out of this Misery, but are resolv'd we shall sell a Sacrifice to your Resentment, we beseech you for God's sake to give us a more generous and quick Dispatch, and not let us lie gasping and suffering a lingering Death in our own Filth and Nastiness. Which is the Desire of your poor miserable Prisoners.

Charles Lanyon,

John Maddick,

We have desired Mr. Brice, in pure Commiseration, to insert this Account in his Journal, that the World may be made sensible of our Sufferings; and that as Winter is coming on, such our Confinement must put a Period to our Lives, our Bodies being so weak that it's impossible we can bear much more. If we die in this Condition, we lay our Deaths on Mr. Glanvill, and desire the Gentlemen of the Jury who shall sit on our Bodies to take Notice of it.

How just and necessary my foregoing general Reflections were the Legislature of the Two Kingdoms have since born witness. The Goalers hereupon swore and rag'd, and menac'd me with a Vengeance. But as melancholy Advices every Day continued to come to me, from Numbers of poor Prisoners, That tho' indeed my charitable Publication of the above had under God contributed to the saving some of them from perishing with Cold and Famine, in moving compassionate Christians to relieve them, yet the cruel Hardships exercised on them were enhanced, — Oct. 20. I found it my Duty to print as follows.

— I should have added, (had it come seasonably to my Knowledge) in my last, that Mr. Bar. Dally, Keeper of Southgate Prison, gave such exulting Entertainment on the Coronation-day, to those in his Ward, and some Friends of his own, as made the Condition of those in Duance, for the Time, envied by many who walk'd at Large; and at Night he made the Prison to look as splendid as a Palace. — Be it known to my Country-Readers, that that very worthy Governour is as distinguishable for Humanity, Goodnature, Charity and Indulgence to the poor People under his Guard and Care, as He in St. Thomas's is for Revenge, Savageness, Cruelty, and a long Et cetera of abhorred Things which want a Name.

Behold

Behold here all my enormous Guile, which nothing less than the utter Destruction of my self and Family is to expiate. I was soon prosecuted hereupon by Mr. George Glanville the Gaoler in an Action of Five Hundred Pounds Damage. Time of Affize drawing near, I had Intelligence from the Prison (which came from the very Jailers) that He and his Attorney made the Tour of Devon, to pay due Respect to their Friends, not forgetting some who were ordain'd to be of the special Impannel and the Tales (quales). Other worthy Management I might take Notice of, but that it would swell this Treat too much, and infringe the Rules I prescribed to my self at the Beginning. The Tryal of the Cause was got so be put off. Another Affize advanced; and then it being call'd, it was by the adverse Counsel propos'd to withdraw the Jurors, and refer it to the Three Fore-Men (*Imps. of immortal Fame!*). I made but little Scruple, seeing at that Time no Reason to imagine there could be pick'd out of all the Race of Adam Three of common Good nature, Sense, and Reputation, who could possibly be induc'd to determin't to my Prejudice. I was soon, tho' too late, overwhelm'd with Blame by Friends, who perceiv'd the Trap, and fretted, while the Adversary triumph'd. A Rule of Court was made exactly to his Satisfaction. But the Son-in-law of one of the 3 Arbiters, before a Summons was sent to me by 'em for a Meeting, publicly bruising *They had already compass'd to pass an Award against me*, and there being also a Mistake in drawing up the Rule, it was thought advisable not to meet such a Pack at all. They met and drank, and feasted, and so forth, again, again, and often; and to crown the Jollifry, without ever once hearing a single Word of my Part, conscientiously awarded, *That I should pay the Gaoler an Hundred Pounds lack Two*, and I to give him a Release, without his reimbursing me a Doit of the vast Charge he had unrighteously put me to, purely for my Love and Service even to themselves, among the rest of Mankind, in general obnoxious to Casualty, Misfortune, and Revolution. No Hope now remain'd out of the Court of Equity. I therefore filed a Bill against the whole Junto, got an Injunction, &c. But my Fort, to his Shame, prevail'd, and reduced me to the sad Choice of paying down 103 l. (which, after having sustain'd the Cost of above Five Hundred Pounds in the Compass of not many Years, I could not easily perform) going to Prison to be murder'd, or retiring from the Pyrates who rove by Land. God has graciously preserv'd me these 7 or 8 Months; and tho' another Attorney has undertaken the Jobb of my Perdition, in God will I yet repose my Trust, tho' the whole World should fall me, that, as he has hitherto protect'd me from the Claw of the Lion and the Paw of the Bear, so he will still guard and deliver me from the Hand of every unaccounted Philistine. During my Absconson I wrote and printed this present Poem; which would have appear'd sooner, had not my Confinement, and Grief for the Loss of a dear Mother, follow'd by that of one of the best of Wives Man was ever

blest'd

Bless'd in, (whose Days I'm too sure were shorten'd partly by this Calamity) impair'd my Health and Strength.

It may probably be urg'd against me, that the recited Instances were not the sole Provocations given *this* Governor (as Gronovius acutely speaks it). I answer, These, and these alone, were what he founded his Action on, and the only Things I publish'd that he could or did take any Distaste at, until his Suit commenced. What afterwards I printed I would the whole World were Readers of. I confess the making it my earnest Study, in sundry of my Papers, to rouse the sleeping Duty of Compassion to the most wretched Souls in Prison, and proving (unanswerably proving) it the Interest as well as Duty of Us All to render their Condition as safe and tolerable as may be, by many Arguments; one particularly, because we ourselves, or some whose Welfare we ought to have at Heart, may possibly be subjected to the like one Time or other, however inconsiderately we (the Greatest and Richest of us) may lull ourselves with a contrary Imagination. &c. &c.

There being somewhat not unworthy of Remark in my Paper of Nov. 24, 1727, I'll here transcribe a Scrap thereof, as follows:

— Which, [viz. the Preventing a Prisoner's Escape] doubtless, might as effectually be done by Stone Walls, and ponderous Chains, and Iron Grates, as Butcher has't, above Ground, in comfortable Light and wholesome Air, as by his being buried alive, to rot, and perhaps engender a Pestilence, to the Destruction of the Nation.

It may not be altogether impertinent or improper in *this* Place to insert a Paragraph transcrib'd from *Izacke*, which if to the Purpose, 'tis hop'd some or other of our Learned Physicians will improve.

At Lent Assize held at the Castle of Exeter, 1725 there were certain Prisoners arraign'd before Serjeant Flowerby (one of the Judges of Assize for this Western Circuit) when suddenly there arose a noisome smell from the Bar, as that a great number of the People then present were therewith infected, whereof in a very short space thereafter died the said Judge, Sir John Chichester, Sir Arthur Bassett, and Sir Barnard Drake, Knts, Robert Cary and Thomas Risdon, Esqrs. Justices of the Peace, and then sitting on the Bench, and eleven of the Jury Impannelled and sworn for the Trial of the said Prisoners at the Bar, and the twelfth Man only escaped.

'Tis added, That the Cause of the Sickness was said chiefly to be occasion'd thro' Want of Viduals and Necessaries, (adding thereto close Confinement) of some, which bred a contagious Disease, wherewith all the rest were soon infected, and most of them died, and so left both City and Country.

I pray God avert a like Calamity from so probable a Cause! and incline the Hearts of good Gentlemen in Power, with Speed, to use all necessary Precautions that the preceding Quotation may not hereafter look like an ominous Prediction!

To these Honourable Persons, the Representatives of a merciful King, the Vicegerents of the most merciful God, do the Distressed make their Cry, to these they stretch forth their Hands, to these they make Appeal, in them they expect Compassion, in them alone they place their Hope of true Relief; since their abhor'd Oppressors, now themselves totally dead to Pity, quite abandon'd of Grace and Shame, and entirely devoid of natural Fellowship.

But

But now, to conclude this Subject for this Week, granting (*what is as solemnly as peremptorily deny'd*) that these poor Men, who are neither Felons, Murderers, nor Traytors, but of much better Principles perhaps than their Goaler and his Friends, had *actually attempted* to break Prison, and (*what is more than questionable*) that the said Goaler had the Warrant of Law for such abhorr'd Proceedings, yet, without vain Arrogance, I challenge and defy any or all Men, *without Exception*, to apologise for him by the *Laws of Reason and Religion*.

This cited Passage was remembered; when, in and about December, 1728. in the Sheriff of Devon's Ward, was, by the very Means noted above, a malignant and contagious Distemper generated; whereby many Scores were deliver'd from their Miseries, tho' their Blood may be charged perhaps on their relentless Creditors. The Country was indeed allarm'd; and People thought proper to send Relief; yea, 'twas observable that even the very Goaler himself permitted Physick, Food, and Fuel to be brought to the Throng of gasping Captives, from whose Funeral could arise no Hope of Fees: Nay, Mr. Lanyon had now the indulgent Favour of a Bed, from out of which a Soul had obtain'd her happy Freedom a short Hour before.

But alas! had those whose Concern it was, after this Disease had spent its Rage, more carefully and effectually guarded against future such *Maladies of the Goal*, the late most Worthy Baron Penzance, Sir James Sheppard, and other good Gentlemen, might have long survived to serve their Country.

P. S. It ought to be noted, that the Goal is the Keeper's own Estate; which (the County not caring to be at the Expence of erecting or purchasing a Prison, and regulating it as it might) is judged to be one grand Reason why, after so many yearly and quarterly Petitions and horrible Complaints, He has not been turn'd out.

F I N I S.

